VAGUE

BACK FROM THE GRAVE ISSUE # 11

WELL, CONSIDERING THE PRESENT SITUATION, WE THOUGHT WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING.....

40 pages of the most scathing attack on Rock'n'Roll so far by the Vagrants, CRASS and anyone who ever cared.

STILL ONLY 30p

WHat YOU SEE iS whA YOU GeT

A BIG HELLO TO VAGRANTS EVERYWHERE. IT'S QUITE GOOD TO BE BACK, FROM THE GRAVE, I 'SPOSE. WELL CONSIDERING THE PRESENT SITUATION WE THOUGHT WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING. SO HERE IT IS, THE BIGGEST + BEST SO FAR. 40 PAGES OF THE MOST SELF INDULGENT CRAP YOU'RE EVER LIKELY TO SEE. WELL, WE'RE STILL UP TO OUR NECKS IN DEBT. BUT I'VE BEEN TOLD NOT TO GO ON ABOUT THAT BECAUSE IT MIGHT PUT OTHER FANZINE WRITERS OFF. TO BE HONEST WITH YOU, WE DO MAKE A FORTUNE BUT WE BLOW IT ALL DOWN THE PUB + ON NAUGHTY WOMEN.

I BET YOU'RE ALL DYING TO KNOW WHAT WE'VE BEEN UP TO SINCE VIO. WELL, I HIT THE BIG TIME WHEN 'PANACHE' MICK BECAME ED. OF ZIG-ZAG I SOLD OUT FOR THE FAME + FORTUNE + OBSERVANT VAGRANTS MAY HAVE RECOGNISED ZZ'S CLASSIX + BANSHEES INTERVIEWS. I'M GONNA TRY + DO STUFF ON SMALL BANDS FOR THEM WHILST SAVING ALL THE TRULY IMPORTANT STUFF FOR VAGUE.

THEN I DID THE MERCHANDISING FOR CLASSIX + WASTED YOUTH ON THE 'NIGHT PEOPLE' TOUR. THAT'S WHY I DID'NT GET TO INTERVIEW THE FURS. THAT KEPT THE KID, KATE, FIONA + ME OCCUPIED THROUGHOUT JUNE, UNTIL JOHN CURD TURNED THE STALL OVER ON ME AT THE PALAIS FOR SELLING LIGHTNING POSTERS.

THEN WE HAD A SIMILAR BUST UP ON THE BANSHEES TOUR, WHEN THEIR NEW MERCHANDISER WENT AT ME WITH AN IRON BAR FOR SELLING VIO'S AT POOLE. HELLO TO PETE + GARY + ALL THE B/MOUTH SKINS WHO RALLIED ROUND TO HELP OUT. YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT THAT IN ZZ 118. EVEN THO' VIO SOLD BETTER THAN 9, THAT WAS FUCKED UP WHEN THE BOW-WOW'S GOT KICKED OFF EMI + CANCELLED THEIR MAY TOUR.

FOR THE REST OF THE SUMMER, US VAGRANTS RELAXED ON THE VAGUE ESTATE FOR WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE CRAZIEST MONTH OR TWO OF MY LIFE. THERE WAS THE BARBECUE + ORGY AFTERWARDS, VAGUE V SILENT GUESTS FOOTBALL MATCH, WILD OAT PICKING, ROYAL WEDDING PISS UP, ETC. FOR FURTHER DETAILS SEE V.NEWS. WE ONLY VENTURED AWAY FOR THE FUTURAMA'S, CRASS + THE OCCASSIONAL CROWN OF THORNS OR WASTED GIG. (THE YOUTH AT SALISBURY WAS NEARLY A REPEAT OF THE ANTS IN '78)

WE FELL OUT WITH THE INCREASINGLY DODGY BOW-WOW'S AT BATH ON THE 'MANET' TOUR, WHEN DAVE BARBE HAD A GO AT OUR OWN COLOURED DAVE + WE NEARLY RUINED ANNABELLA'S BIRTHDAY. I THOUGHT THE BOW-WOW'S WERE GREAT GEEZERS + INTO A LAUGH?

CHRIS, THE KID, MOVED TO BATH + MADE THE PAPERS + LOCAL TV WITH HIS SQUATTING ANTICS. I'VE RECENTLY GONE TO JOIN HIM ALTHOUGH THE POSTAL ADDRESS REMAINS; VAGUE, 'BUTCOMBE', CASTLE ST, MERE, WILTS, BA12 6TF. TEL:- (0747) 860-586. THE IG'S MOVED UP TO LONDON + IS DOING VERY NICELY FOR HIMSELF TAKING SNAPS OF BAUHAUS, THEATRE + THE CRAMPS. HE'S ALSO WORKING FOR ZZ.

APART FROM IN DEPTH REPORTS OF ALL THESE EXITING EVENTS, THAT SHAKE THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF OUR SOCIETY, WE'VE GOT CRUSTY OLD VAGRANT, PETE SCOTT TAKING A LOOK AT CND, THE VELVETS + EDDIE + SUNSHINE. I'VE DONE A RETROSPECTIVE THING ON WHAT'S HAPPENED TO PUNK, SOMETHING ON CASSETTE PIRACY + VAGUE MEETS CRASS, STEVE FROM CHESTER'S MET THE REAL IG, THERE'S A WHOLE NEW GENERATION OF BANDS FROM THE CROWN OF THORNS, FUNHOUSE (WHERE DID THEY GET THAT NAME?!), LOOK BACK IN ANGER, ATTRITION, A-HEADS + OF COURSE THE SILENT GUESTS. WITH WHOM WE'VE BEEN WORKING VERY CLOSELY THEIR MANAGER ALAN PARTNER + ME ARE GETTING A COMPILATION LP + A RECORDING STUDIO TOGETHER NEXT YEAR. AND IF I CANT FIND A PUBLISHER FOR MY ANTS BOOK, WE'RE GONNA DO IT INDEPENDANTLY. SO WATCH THIS SPACE. ALONG WITH THE GUESTS PLACE IN MERSHAM, THE CROWN OF THORNS + EX.TV SMITH ROADIE, AZ HAVE OFFERED US USE OF THEIR OFFICES IN LONDON.

ALAN PARTNER ISN'T THE ONLY ONE THAT I'VE SLAGGED IN THE PAST + THEN TURNED OUT TO BE A GREAT BLOKE. APOLOGIES TO RICH MAZDA, OF THE COSMETICS + TRB, WHO I SLAGGED FOR SUPPORTING MARTIAN DANCE AFTER THE VAGUE REVUE. ACTUALLY THE COSMETICS PULLED OUT WHEN THEY DISCOVERED MARTIAN DANCE WERE ON THE BILL. I FELT A RIGHT CUNT AFTER WHAT I'D PUT. PRAISE IS ORDER TO TONY FLETCHER + PAUL WEWER'S JAMMING OPERATION THAT IS DOING LOTS OF GOOD THINGS, NOT LEAST GETTING VAGUE ON 'SOMETHING ELSE'.

HERE'S MY SUMMING UP OF THE GOOD + BAD THINGS THAT HAPPENED IN '81: GOOD:- RIOTS, CND, CRASS, RETURN OF VAGUE, LEAVING B/MOUTH, GOING TO BATH, MARTIAN DANCE SPUTTING UP, SILENT GUESTS, CROWN OF THORNS, SOLIDARITY, OPIATED BLACK, WASTED YOUTH, GEORGE'S BARBECUE, PETER SISSONS, RUINING GIGS, NEW YEARS DAY '82!

BAD:- JAN 1ST '81, BANSHEES + BOW-WOW'S LOSING IT FOR ME, 'GAME FOR A LAUGH', C.B.'S, STARSOUNDS ON 45, OI, NEW SOUNDS NEW STYLES, ROYAL WEDDING, MAGGIE, TRACY LAMONT, JOHN CURD, PAUL SQUIRES, THE GEEZER WHO MISSED REAGAN, LATIN AMERICAN, SALSA, LADY DI GETTING POKED, AMERICA, OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN XMAS SHOW, THE SNOW, HITCHING, KEEP FEELING I'M TURNING INTO A HIPPY, SPEEDING ON THE TUBE + THAT FUCKING HOLIDAY ADVERT WITH THE TWO TARTS IN A BOAT!

THIS VAGUER THAN VAGUE VAGUE IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE VAGRANTS WHO ARE; THE KID, THE IG, PERRY H, PETE SCOTT, NIEL FROM DURHAM, STEVE FROM CHESTER, SIMON CLEGGY, PETE + RICH L, PETE LAURENCE, MAD, ROZZ, GIGI, PUDDUG, ALAN, VIZ, SKUNK + YOURS TRULEE!

RIGHT I THINK THAT'S ABOUT IT. HOPE YOU LIKE IT + ALL THAT.

LOTS OF LUV, TOM

This true and dirty tale has been continuing throughout 200 years of teenage anarchy and so in 1982 there still remains Vague. Their active ~~Extremism~~ is all ~~that~~ they care about because that's what counts to jump right out of the 20th century as fast as you possibly can in order to create an environment that you can truthfully run wild in.

Oliver Twist,

Royal wedding celebrations

the good people of this fair isle a day long national holiday to ebrate the public mating of two it's more noble citizens. And I you're just dying to know how Vagrants celebrated this most nified event. It was a rather e civilised affair than the ilee celebrations that left me h a few bruises, a £30 fine, a dl collection of union jacks and and hangover.

I'm slumbering at Vague mansions m local celebrity, Skin the biker lls at the ungodly hour of 10 AM. saunter down the empty streets here (they're always empty) to holy shrine where all major ints are celebrated (ie. Friday ghts) the Ship. From each house e ritual ceremony is broadcasted, king the whole of Castle Street big PA system.

Skin and me enter the holy rtal and go through the time noured ceremony of who's going to the first round. There's no old lonels making loyal toasts and no lly Di clones or anyone with big rs. Infact the whole place is serted. (It's always deserted) on the very honourable public bar comes the final part of the ting ritual.

I see an old football buddy at bar;

"Celebrating the happy day, Rich."

" Fucking Royal wedding- bring k Oliver Cromwell, that's what I ."

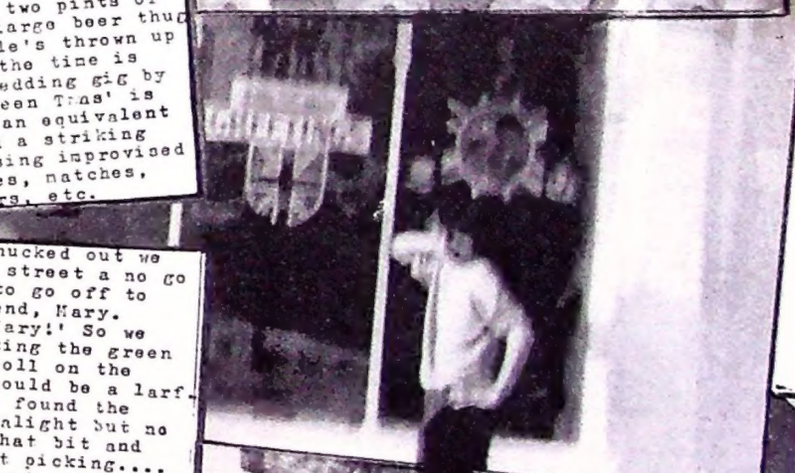
Next thing we know the barman nes bounding in minus kegs but s dignity kept intact by a red, ite and blue Grass skirt and sport- g a silly hat. It's a pity our in- tive tory MP could'nt see this, atever happened to loyal respect. Of course, kiddies, Skin and me re left with no other alternative t to commiserate the moral decline the nation by getting pissed out our fucking heads. We're just ing through the traditional 'one re before you chuck us out' rout- e, when lo, a pop star does appear- h, Puddle from the Silent Guests. stock up with takeaway and head r the nearest street party with ughty disruptive thoughts in our nds.

Said street party in suitable roar at our drunken antics, we d back to Vague mansions with ht royal headaches, not helped Skin's naughty cigarettes. e all relaxing in various tions with varying degrees of ciousness when me mam Mrs. e comes in with the Vague dish he day, Beans. (As you might guessed the beans will appear later in this tale. Read on.)

Royal loyalty overcomes us again and we rush down to the green to skin up (not the biker) (Here come the beans again) Hello, what's this funny feeling in my stomach. Oh dear, I thought I ate them back at home. After trying to salvage some of my royal wedding feast I notice that Skin has disappeared. After a brief search we find him having a sneaky Hughie in the bushes. Puddle's now the only one not to throw up. After much taunting, he makes a token gesture, not very impressive.

We were so preoccupied with all the vomiting and being ill bit that we quite forgot that the pubs were open again. All the gangs there, Brett, who's not a squatter catches us up after two pints of cider and offers a large beer thug outside. After Puddle's thrown up properly we decide the time is right for a royal wedding gig by the Vagrants, 'Sixteen Tons' is put on the jukebox an equivalent amount of times and a striking set is performed using improvised instruments; glasses, matches, tables, feet, chairs, etc.

After getting chucked out we try to make castle street a no go area but Skin has to go off to argue with girlfriend, Mary. 'Sorry 'bout that Mary!' So we leave Brett decorating the green and head for home. Roll on the coronation, that should be a larf. The next morning we found the green had been set alight but no body can remember that bit and nobody made wild oat picking.... oh I'll tell you about wild oat picking next time..... FOR WHAT CHARLES AND THAT DIRTY BITCH DI GOT UP TO ON THEIR HONEY MOON SEE THE VAGUE NEWS EXCLUSIVE.

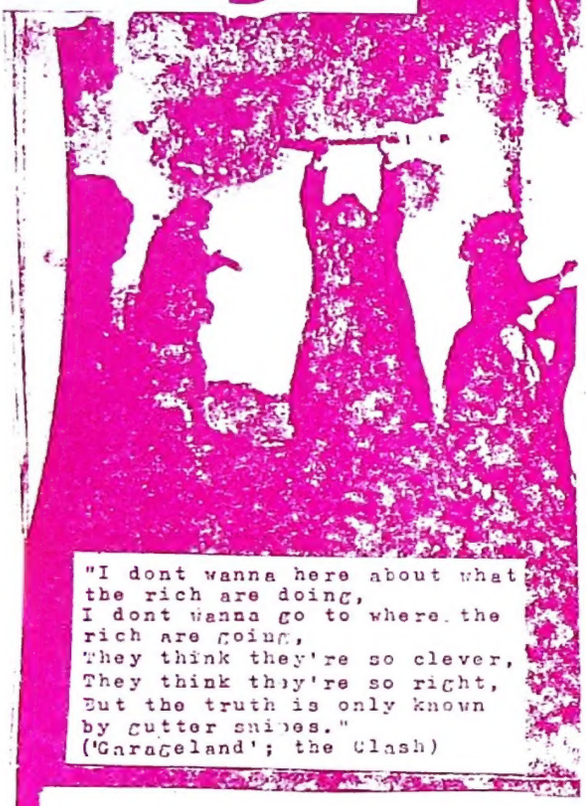


PIC: TOM + PUDDLE

PICS BY GIGI STONE AND RICH L.

THE REAL SHEEP WORRIERS! (HAHA)

Who is this Julie Burchill any way?



"I dont wanna here about what the rich are doing,
I dont wanna go to where the rich are going,
They think they're so clever,
They think they're so right,
But the truth is only known by gutter snipes."
('Garageland'; the Clash)

Now,'The Boy looked at Johnny', there was a good book. Ever so slightly biased, cynical, prejudiced, sexist and boring, but about the best Rock'n'Roll book ever. I wonder what the deadly duo would have done if they wrote it in 1981 instead of 1978.

'Johnny' finishes with only X-Ray-Spex, Penetration, TRB and the early Sex Pistols coming out unscathed. Since those 'halcyon' days of summer '78 when Peter Powell discovered PUNK ROCK, things have decidedly taken a turn for the worse.

As Parsons and Burchill noted the only honest band ever, the SEX PISTOLS had taken the only possible way out, when JR refused to go to Rio, that fateful january all those years ago.

The Pistols were so much more than a breath of fresh air to the decaying Rock world. They started something that at first was a genuine alternative to mundane apathy. They were'nt just a band, they were a way of life. They ridiculed the whole concept of ROCK'N'ROLL. The real cult with no name had no leaders, no stars, no heroes. You were the heroes, for the first time in your life you were somebody. You could'nt just sit on the fence. It was so refreshingly new and challenging that the establishment reacted to it as with a catalyst and did everything in it's power to destroy it. At first they tried conventional methods like banning, shock horror headlines and disgust to common decency. That only made it stronger so they fell back on their failsafe; the lure of wealth and riches. Although Malcolm Mclaren and Johnny Rotten did everything in their power to stop themselves turning into a 'pop' group, it was inevitable. In the end all they could do was to split-up, before they became part of the monster they had set out to destroy. To start with, I believe they were genuinely sincere, so were the CLASH, JAM, BUZZCOCKS,etc, although none of them played such an important role as the Pistols.

As soon as Rotten went to stay with Joe Stevens in NYC, the battle started to fill the yawning gap that the Pistols had left. The Clash of course were the natural successors. But the egotistic dogfight that went on in '78-'79 did'nt kill Punk but buried it alive.

As Parsons and Burchill noted to various degrees of bias, the Damned, Jam,Clash and (gulp) the Stranglers' outlook on R'n'R became increasingly dodgy. The yanks were just a load of old hippy leftovers all the time and are'nt worth mentioning.

The Damned, the band to do everything first, although they were the best laugh, were also the most false. The only band that said they would play on the 'Anarchy' tour, even if the Pistols were banned. The Punk clowns split-up and reformed countless times and are now nothing more than a fifth rate Oi band.

The Jam always had a too conservative image to be the main flag bearers. Although even to this day Paul Weller and the boys are still accessible. You could search every backstage lig in London and not find Weller. If you really wanted to find him, he'd probably be helping a young band or fanzine or speaking at a CND rally. The new Pete Townshend?

PIC. PISTOLS SIGN TO ATM, BUCK HOUSE.

After Eddie and the Hot Rods, the Stranglers were the first band to sell out properly. They soon showed themselves in their true colours; nothing but fat old sexist greeboes, ripping off the Doors.

Now, the Clash, they lasted the longest, but the transition from garageland to Madison's square gardens bared it's toil. I blame Pennie Smith for the Clash's sell out. Her excellent photos of them created an image that was'nt t but given enough dope they wem from Clash city rockers to guit touting r'n'r heroes. Their constant search for street credibility and the right pose was longer subversive but pathetic. The same applied to the Clash singing 'White Riot' in their 6 american tower block as to the singing 'My Generation' in thei country mansions.

PIC. THE ONE HONEST PUNK BAND

Slaughter and the Dogs, Eate Wire, Rich Kids, Gen-X and the Adverts, all went straight back into the gutter as fast as they had come out of it. Leaving the insecure and dare I say it shal X-Ray-Spex, floundering until they split. Could songs about genetic engineering ever change the face of a generation. Penetration even failed to be a cult band. The Buzzcocks were even more insecure and shallow than Spex. And did anybody apart from feminists (ie. Julie Burchi really take TRB seriously.

It's not very hip to admit it now, but Sham 69 and boy next tower block, Jimmy Pursey seemed like a good alternative at the time. But Pursey's limited intelligence stopped him from becoming the next Rotten. He took on more than he could handle. His idea of getting the bootboys off the terraces, into gigs and then out the streets, led to another blind alley, as second generation skins emerged more intent on beating each other up than changing society. The only good thing to come out of this was the anti-racist backlash which culminated in the RAR Anti-Nazi League Carnival in April'78 where 80,00 people came to see the Clash and Jimmy Pursey, X-Ray-Spex, Steel Pulse and TRB against the NF.

Politics was'nt to be the answer though. The Joe Public attitude of "I dont want to be told how many millions are starving each year. I want to have a good time." was the order of the day. Whether this was the attitude of the kids, the bands or the record companies is immaterial.

Power-pop had another chance to raise it's incestuous head. In '77 bands like the Pleasers and Boomtown Rats were scorned but in '78 capitalist arseholes like Dury, Harry, Costello, Myst Copeland, etc. cashed in, on the kids that did'nt have enough gut to get into Punk proper. These kids had to have a movement and that was easily manufactured in the form of the mod revival.

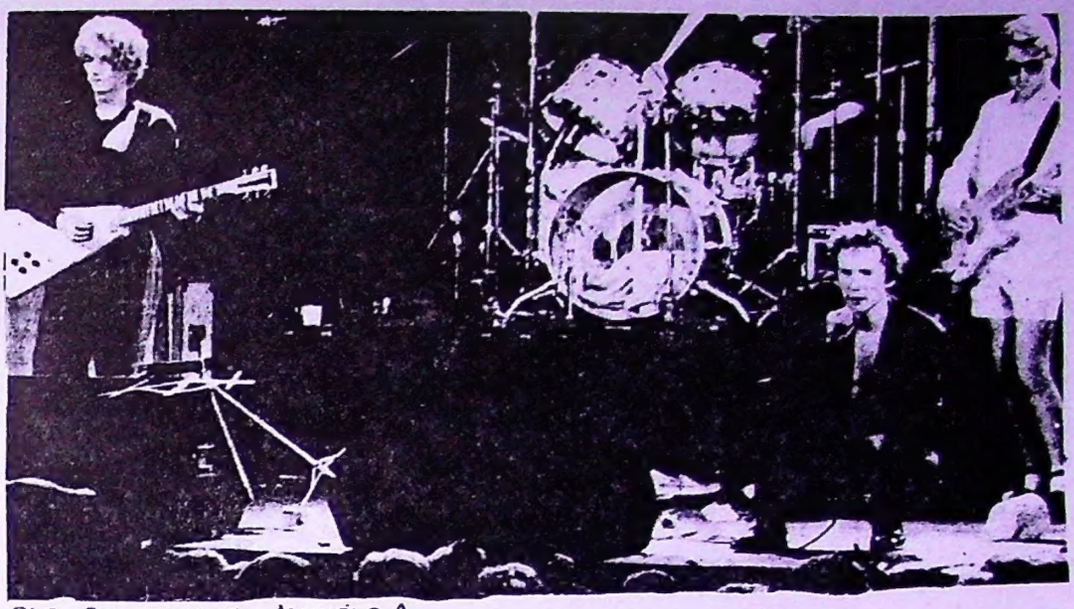
talentless bands like Secret Affair and the Chords did'nt take long to show how insincere and pathetic they were. Then they tried R+B but of course all the real money was in Two-tone. All the time jussanother revival but the Specials had their hearts in the right place.

This just left the fag end of Punk, the 'Jubilee' bands, and for awhile a new underground movement thrived around the likes of the Slits, Chelsea, Toyah, Banshees and the Ants. These bands cared little for politics but they did care about shocking. They were better than nothing, a lot better. Mainly the Ants, who became so unpopular, even recieving pistolian press coverage, that in a lot of ways they were better even than the Pistols themselves. Their idealogy was always a bit dodgy though. Really it was always just to strengthen Adam's ego.

So with Two-tone reigning supreme in the charts and music press there was still someone bearing the flag. We thought that at least Adam and Sioux would never sell out. A lot of promising new bands were coming along, the Psychedelic Furs, Human League, Gang of Four, Spizz, Joy Division, Bauhaus, Simple Minds, Ruts, Skids, UK Subs, Undertones, Cure, SLF, Magazine, Ultravox and of course John Lydon was back with Public Image Limited, the vengeance of Punk Rock!

But there was something different with the second generation. It became hip to deny any connection with Punk Rock. All the promising new bands got good press coverage and were signed up straight away by big record companies. No problems there, they deserved it, but they did'nt constitute a threat to anything, in a word, they were made acceptable.

Bands like the UK Subs, Ruts, Chelsea and the Damned made Punk accessible to any old twat. Suddenly those foul mouthed anarchists became those lovable spikey tops. The likes of Simple Minds, Ultravox, Human League



PIC. PIL TAKE AMERICA

and Magazine became introverted and technical and it's just a matter of time before they become the new YES and Genesis.

Everything became rather negative and depressing. There really was no future, no hope. Everyone was seeing who could rip off the Velvets or Doors best and the term 'Cold arsed new wave' was first coined.

Siouxsie got a recording deal and became better musically. Morris and MacKay left, the Banshees recovered but it was'nt long before they were packing out Odeons and Siouxsie was appearing nude on single sleeves. Anti-sexists the Slits caused a stir when they did the same on the 'Cut' LP sleeve covered in mud. Then they got into reggae and spend most of their time smoking ganga down ladbroke grove. It wont be long before they're all releasing 'Greatest Hits' albums!

John Lydon went a similar way except his pet vice has always been amphetamines. He started doing experimental, inaccessible and boring sounds that Can and Beefheart were doing years ago. He had a good fling in the states, ruining countless trash TV shows and playing behind a screen at the Ritz inciting a riot. Infact he liked it so much he lives there now. Mind you it's the best place to be for Bianca Jagger's parties!

And then of course there was Adam. He still did'nt have a proper recording contract, the press still hated him and Adam was the biggest cult hero of '78-'80. Towards the end of '79 he teamed up with a notable figure from the start of this article, one Malcolm MacLaren. Malcolm got Adam away from his clandestine heavy punk image and into the flamboyant tribal disco image, otherwise known as New Romantic, futurist, Tribal warrior, glam rocker, soul rebel, jazz funker or whatever you care to fucking call it, it all boils down to disco. Then Malcolm sacked him and brought in a 14 year old nymphette.

However Adam was'nt to be defeated that easily. He consulted another SEX person Jordan and decided to team up with Marco Pirroni, veteran of the Banshees first gig at the 100 Club. He deperately got together a flash, extravagant disco show and became the biggest figure in the early '80's new romantic fad, which also included ex. pistol hanger on Steve Strange, the Spands, Soft Cell, Durham Durham, Depeche Mode, Classix Nouveaux and finally the old Ants, now Bow-wow-wow. The Bow-wow's seemed like a good idea at the time. They did constitute a threat at first with their cassette piracy gimmick. But it soon became clear how insincere they were.

The New Romantics or futurists shallow outlook was to be looking smart and having a good time when the bomb dropped. They told kids that had left school to be chucked on the dole queue, not to riot but to spend all their dole on

PIC. THE LOVABLE DAMNED

Pirroni, veteran of the Banshees

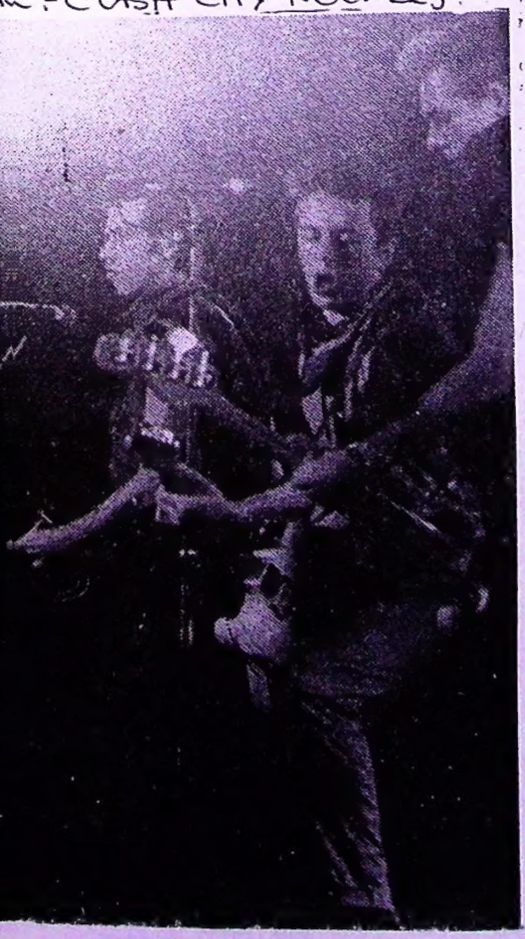
expensive clothes (Seditionairies had now changed its name to Worlds End which specialises in pirate/savage chic at up to £200 for a full outfit)

This new movement understandably became immensely popular seeing it had no threat whatsoever and you did'nt particularly need to be angry and want to change the world to be part of it. It also paved the way for the most successful outburst of power pop since the Beatles, as the Human League, Altered Images, OMD, Toyah, Stray Cats, Hazel O'Connor, Kim Wilde, stormed the charts.

Of course all the punks just took all this in, they either conformed or found solice even further back in time by becoming either rockabillys, skinheads or hippies. Believe it or not there's even been a psychedelic revival.

Then came the most ironic twist of all when in '81 there was a Punk revival. Old farts like the Subs and Damned jumped on the bandwagon after flirting with psychedelia. Gary Bushell of Sounds named the movement Oi and

PIC'- CLASH CITY ROCKERS.



PIC. ADAM BEFORE.

the record companies and promoters homed in seeing there was money to be made out of the green mohikans and BOF bondage trousers.

The real punks did'nt buy clothes or records and did'nt pay (much) to get into gigs but the Oi punks as well as having no future and no fun have no brains and no style as well. It's no good having the bullets without the gun. (Good, Eh?) They have to have somebody do it for them. They're an insult to the kids who 5 years ago changed the world (slightly) and run a great risk in doing it.

They're going nowhere, they might as well be skins, rockabillys, futurists or soul boys. Everything has to be classified today. Every band has to be put into it's safe little box and everybody seems to need these pop stars once again. I dont need no fucking pop star. We were supposed to have destroyed them 5 years ago. The Pistols and the Clash were never stars in their heyday.

I've been involved in the music biz for only 5 years now and I've seen it all before already. It does'nt have to be that way. Music is the most important media and the best form of self expression. It gets your point accross to more people than any other form of communication. Therefore it's a tempting morsil to unscrupulous individuals out to make a quick buck or fancy themselves as mini-Godfathers. Therefore it's a well known fact that the music biz is nearly as corrupt as politics. It goes really deep as well. You dont stand a chance. You loose your ability to choose for yourself. For a time Punk gave people back the right to choose, even if they did'nt want it. That fucked a lot of big people up and they did'nt like it, so they did everything in their power to brush Punk back underneath the carpet. It's your choice. Dont let them succeed....

On the bright side, there's another backlash in the air. The next planned revival is jazz + that's just going too far. Surely the public are'nt gullible enough to fall for that. And even now the kids have had enough of revivals/fashion/heroes. They're seeing through all the shit at last and getting into more important things like Nuclear disarmament, the hundreds of small bands that dont particularly want to be stars, rock against racism/sexism/etc, bands with a conscience like CRASS and of course fun again and individuality.

PIC: CRASS ?

PIC. SIOUX ON THE WAY.

PIC. ANNABELLA ?

We dont need the likes of Adam Ant, Hazel O'Connor, Sting, Bow-wow-wow, Strummer, Siuox, Lydon, Harry or Numan, anymore than we need Freddie Mercury, David Bowie, Cozy Powell and all those BOF's you love to hate.

PUNK'S DEAD, dead and gone, but we should have learnt from it, Punk like the Pistols had to die or it would'nt have been Punk anymore (Perhaps it died with the Pistols) but gradually all the old vices that Punk got rid of are creeping back, double albums, Light shows, enormous festivals £20 a ticket, big seated venues, Antmania, screaming girls...we dont need this capitalist groove thang!

I dont know the answer and I dont think anybody else does at the moment, but all I can say is dont fall for their cons and dont let the bastards grind you down!.....
.....TOM.

Right now
I am an anti-Christ
I am an anarchist
Don't know what I want
But I know how to get it
I wanna destroy passers-by
'Cause I wanna be anarchy
No dogsbody

Anarchy for the UK
It's coming sometime and maybe
I give a wrong time
Stop a traffic line
Your future dream is a shopping sch
'Cause I wanna be anarchy
In the city

Many ways to get what you want
I use the best I use the rest
I use the NME I use anarchy
'Cause I wanna be anarchy
It's the only way to be

Is this the MPLA
Or is this the UDA?
Or is this the IRA?
I thought it was the UK
Or just another country
Another council tenancy

I wanna be anarchy
And I wanna be anarchy
Know what I mean?
And I wanna be an anarchist
I get pissed, destroy

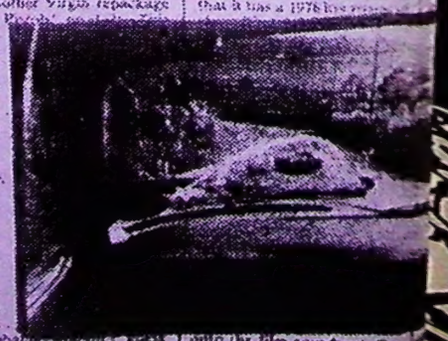
PIC. WHO KILLED BAMBI? - YOU D

SEX PISTOLS
'The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle'
Virgin V2168

YET another Virgin repackage of Sex Pistols' [illegible] time a [illegible] the best album [illegible] record [illegible] the [illegible] a [illegible] The [illegible] doesn't [illegible] who [illegible] easy to [illegible] "[illegible] there [illegible] obvious [illegible] Elsie" [illegible] unless [illegible] you probably [illegible] that it's Malcolm McLaren [illegible]

Hands". But then, if you haven't seen the movie, why would you want the soundtrack album?

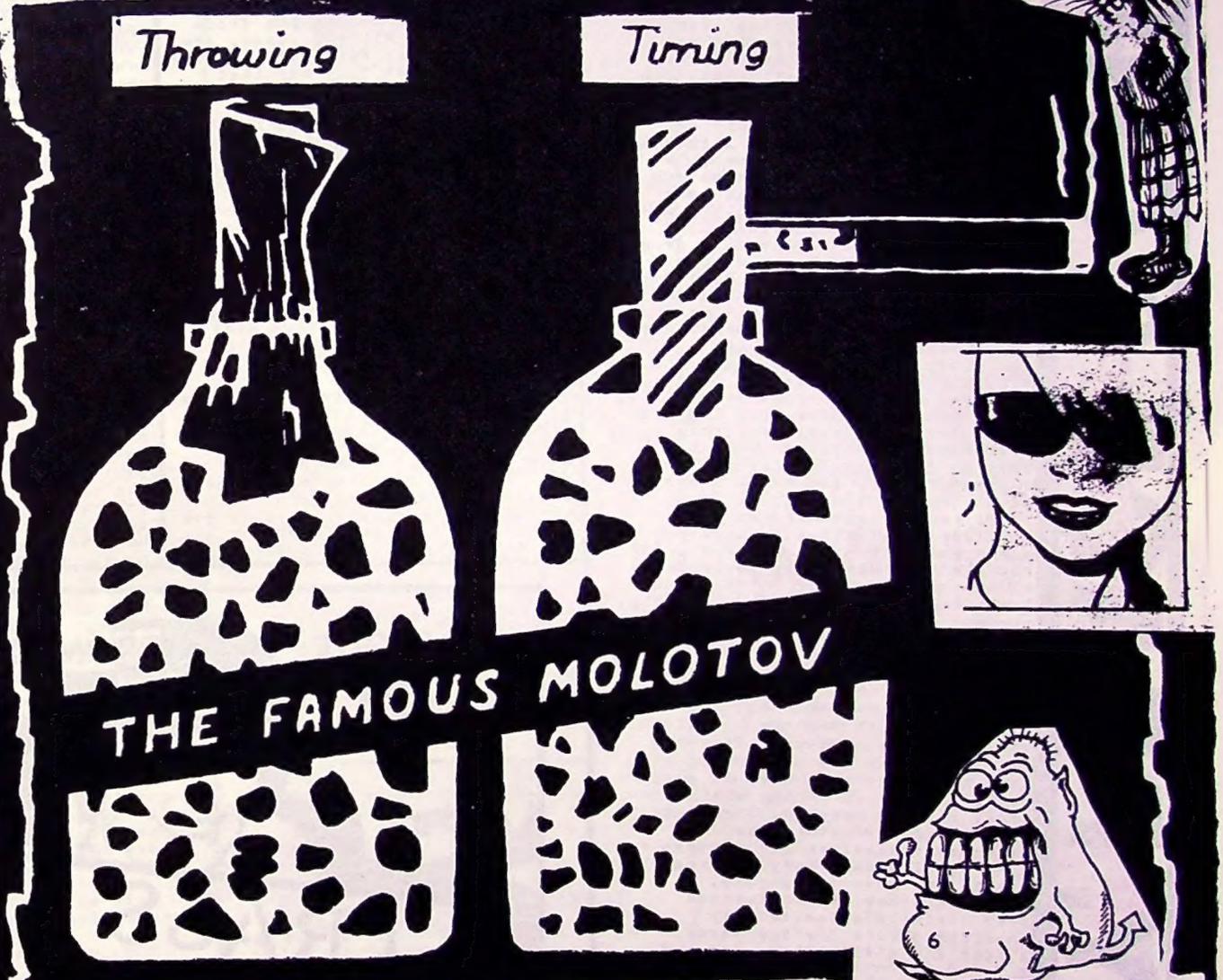
Don't ask why a Sex Pistols fan might want this album [illegible] that it has a 1978 live version [illegible]



onto the film soundtrack. The recording consequently lacks [illegible]

BLOODY REVOLUTIONS

....'Meanwhile things are hotting up in the westend alright, contracts in the offices groups in the night. My bummin slummin friends have all got new boots' Well, what the Clash and anybody with any suss were singing about in 1977 finally came true in '81. London's burning with boredom alright and Toxteth, Mosside, St,Pauls,etc,etc. Punk finally went on the streets when all else failed. The unemployed of Liverpool marched to London, pleading for Thatcher to listen to them. All they got was 'Get on yer bike' or 'let them eat valium'. So one night in the summer Toxteth could'nt take anymore and exploded. The continually ignored racial, bad housing and unemployment problems of our inner city areas caused similar outbursts in Brixton, Southall, Manchester, Bristol and just about every big city in this corrupt LAND. A few individuals were stirred into action but the prevailing attitude was; 'Mindless hooligans, organised looters, bring in the army' The people who run our lives found excuses for their own inadequacies from greed and bigotry. Happy new year.....



(fused bottle method)

Fill bottle ¼ with gasoline and ¼ with styrofoam(Break up styrofoam into small pieces) and let mixture sit from 12 to 24 hours-the longer the better. You can use soap flakes instead of styrofoam/advantage:can be used immediately/disadvantage:not as explosive. Ineither case solution should be thick.

Long roll of paper in the opening. Keep part of it 3-4 inches outside bottle is touching mixture.

Light and immediately throw. The cocktail WILL NOT EXPLODE UNTIL THE BOTTLE BREAKS SO REMEMBER: THROW THE THING AGAINST SOMETHING HARD.

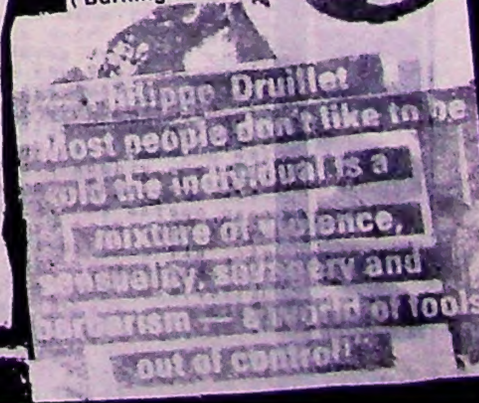
(M-80 (firecracker) method)

Nowadays most use M-80 (firecracker) Put lit cigarette on fuse of M-80. When cigarette burns down (8-13 minutes) the M-80 explodes, breaking the bottle and exploding the gasoline. No throwing needed. You have 8-13 minutes to split the scene.

(Taken from 'The Anarchist's cookbook')

"How many rivers do we have to cross
Before we can talk to the boss? . . .
That's why we're gonna be burning and
a-looting tonight,
Burning all pollution tonight,
Burning all illusions tonight . . ."

('Burning And Looting', Bob Marley)



ANARCHY, PEACE & CHIPS: CRASS

"Ere, what's all this then?!" I hear all you loyal Vagrants out there cry, "Is our leader Tom doing one of his highly intelligent witty piss takes again or has he gone political, the fucking hypocrite!" Well, it's a long story, but you've paid 30p to hear it and it'll save you having to look at anymore of Iggy's piccies.

One day I gets back to the vague mansions and me mam tells me that 'Andy from Crass' has rung. My immediate reaction was 'They're after me!' then 'Right, who's taking the piss?!' but then a few days later, lo and behold Andy M.A.Palmer B.A.Mana calls again on yours truly inquiring about us promoting them. Although their offer was very reasonable and he seemed like a nice enough bloke, I declined at first 'cos of my previous delving into promoting, ie. Martian Dance.

Then I thought, 'Why not, Crass cant rip me off, it would ruin their image and it'll be good for a laugh and it'll make a change from working for Classix!' So I eventually sussed out a seemingly ideal venue; the Grange in Salisbury. Got it advertised and everything. (Whatchathink of my snazzy handbill? I know you all never fail to wonder that I did'nt go to art college.) Then after the FUTURE DATE thing I hitched down to Plymouth to stay with vagrant Pete L. and catch Crass at the Fiesta the next night.

Obviously apprehensive and dubious and all that I go round early and have a lig. As the CRASS and DIRT banners go up respectively in the seedy disco, the scene looks similar to an early Ants gig, various members of the bands chat and joke with the few of their following that made it down this far. I have a few words with Andy and although he's not into doing an interview for Gig-Zag he seems friendly enough and highly elloquent. The one obvious difference to the Ants or any other band at this stage, is they have no road crew, only a guy on the mixing desk. All the humping, lighting, organising, everything is done by Crass themselves and punters that would sooner hump fucking great amps than pay a quid. That's another big difference they strictly stick to only charging a quid for two bands, a poet and a film show, not bad Eh?

They somehow manage to get everything together by 8AM and the doors open and let forth a surge of green mohiks with the characteristic 'CRASS/EXPLOITED' logos on the back of their leathers. Me and Pete L. who has just arrived start to think we were right in the first place, that Crass have'nt got anything to offer but a negative and humourless slant on a bygone well worn fad....but no I must give them a chance this time, they are actually gonna play this time not like at Stonehenge last year.

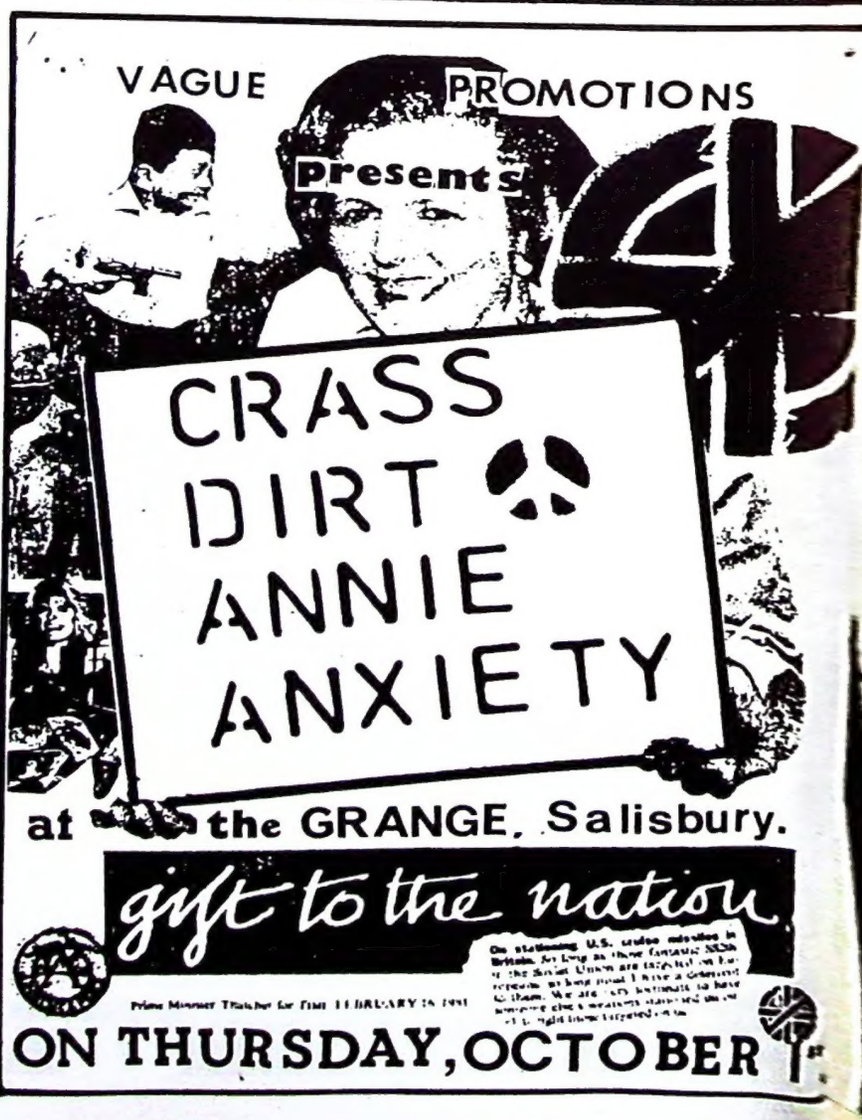
The Crass show begins simultaneously with the first few punters mingling at the bar. The videos flicker into life depicting scenes from TV soap operas interspersed with snaps from Viet Nam, Hiroshima, etc, all done to the backing of old newsreel of JFK, Churchill, Hitler,etc. Very effective and striking, if not hunourous and colourful, but then Viet Nam and Hiroshima are not humourous or colourful issues. At the same time the band are giving out handouts which emphasise this point, like 'the money required to feed, house and educate everyone in the world is about $17 Billion a year...about as much as the world spends on arms every two weeks.' and '30 million people die of hunger each year. Ten days world armament expenditure would feed everyone of them for a year.' Interesting eh?

Annie Anxiety hits the stage and seems to entertain (Is that the right word?) with her highly emotional and individual poetry. Then it's DIRT's turn on the soapbox. A couple of them used to do 'FANZINE OF NOISE' incidentally. Their very basic punk thrash gets the very basic punters going, but as I'm finding with this whole package, the presentation is of little importance, it's what they say that counts (have'nt we heard that someplace before?) These new Crass protegees are equally sincere as their predecessors. They ram home their message of 'OBJECT, REFUSE, REJECT, ABUSE.' and 'We're all potential victims of sexual violence, do something about it now, before it's too late!' I just hope some of the crowd listened and did'nt just poco away to their hearts content as they would to the Exploited.

After them it's Annie again, more videos, then without pomp or ceremony various members of Crass climb up on the stage and charge straight into 'PUNK IS DEAD'. The hapless punky Exploited fans lap this up although the lyrics are attacking the very thing that they are. I start to muse again that perhaps Crass' well meaning statements are falling on barren ground. What they are saying is great; 'Do they owe us a living? Of course they fucking do!'/'Fight war not wars'/ 'Jesus died for his sins /Etc/Etc/ and they really it, maaaaan! But I'm still entirely converted to their approach. It still seems and humourless to me. What happened to good ole saying 'Only anarchists are pretty 'God save the Queen, she human being.' No difference you must have missed out

Still, as ever I kept mind (techee) as I made my home and made arrangements the Salisbury gig, the last of the tour. The big day and vagrants from all over country joined the Crass in the tranquil setting of Grange hotel, Salisbury. tins and Iggy's naughty dwindle the now familiar roadshow started to the decidedly dodgy manager the Grange starts to get nervy about the spikey hair anarchist types that are about his faulty towers establishment, but assures there should'nt be any trouble 'cos his wife will be on the door. Later we were to disc this would mean the exact ite.

All memories of Martian are forgotten, like the band, the jovial merry makers swarm to the sound of the Crass reel thingy chugging into ac The trouble is they dont swarming in. We're just get near to breaking even and still coming in, when the dr ess...I mean manageress says 'Stop' and informs us that not letting anymore in becau fire regulations, that I'd told were flexible. No amount begging and pleading by us Crass will persuade her to the remaining 20 or so punter in, who understandably are



itting a bit nasty. Some of them had travelled a long way.

In all the excitement I miss Annie and most of CRASS forget entirely about Aurama 2 which is on the box that night. But by means of fire and backstage door we get most of them in, leaving about half-a-dozen shivering outside. When as often happens I'm struck with a brainwave; Perry, the Ig, the Kid, me and some others go out and let the remaining kids in. So we got everybody in that wanted, in the end, but this effectively meant that the promoter, ie. me, could'nt get in to his own gig. That's taking regulations to their ridiculous extreme, hence we'd advise any promoter against using the Grange and we'd advise the manageress to give up catering and go into politics.

The remaining few minutes of the gig passed by, there was no trouble, some say it was the best gig of the tour, but our takings on the door did'nt work out. We'd paid our expenses and the extortionate fees the Grange charged: £65 hire plus £36 security, but we were £50 short of the very reasonable £250 fee that Crass charge for the whole package. I approach Andy with this, expecting a repeat of the 'Shall I break his legs, Tracy?' episode with Martian Dance, but I'm virtually floored by his reaction 'Oh, that's fine but do you need anymore to cover your expenses?' If anybody can find me another band in the country that would have that, I'll never write like Julie Burchill again as long as I live.

That proved it, they are without a doubt the only honest, genuinely sincere band about and I had a lot of making up to do for some of the things I said about them. Even when they saw some of my, lets say uncomplimentary comments on them in Vague, they were still enthusiastic about doing an interview.

Skunk from 'Innuendo' said he would like to come along, so we carefully picked the day that the snow started and set off for their Sopping forest commune on good ole BR. After being delayed at Reading for hours, because of frozen points (not just the mechanical ones) we're beginning to think we'd never get this interview (What I go through for you muggs!) Nonetheless we eventually make Paddington and battle our way across London to Ongar via the virtually non-existant underground.

On arrival out at Ongar, 3 hours late, we just catch Andy and we have a short wait before he pulls up in a minibus and gives us a lift out to their cottage. After being thawed out by cup of tea, we go upstairs to their living room, our tape is slotted into their cassette deck and here's the rather long interview. I'll shut up now and let you decide for yourselves if you have'nt done so already.

-THE INTERVIEW-

with budgies chirping in the background I start by fumbling out some excuses for why I slagged them.

Andy retorts in a rather self righteous but understandable manner that it was irrisponsible to slag somebody trying to do something because of what I saw on the back of leather jackets. He continues that basically it became hip to be negative and unhip to try and do something positive.

BUT SURELY EVEN CRASS MAKE MISTAKES. WHAT ABOUT YOUR BUSHELL SLAG OFF: 'HURRY UP, GARY'?

P.W:'I think the Bushell thing was a fair criticism of the way people operate in a certain area. I think the record still stands.'

SURELY IT JUST GOES TO GLORIFY HIS IMAGE?

A.N:'That's just an example of what we were criticising just now. He's solely responsible for creating the Oi movement. People dont want their lives revolving around violence. It's made it into a romantic image. I dont think there's any dignity in having a fight down the pub, but there are people in that position. Gary Bushell has never been in that position and never will be.'

DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELVES AS A BAND, AS A POP GROUP IF YOU LIKE?

A.N:'Not really, no. I think we are promoting other ways of doing things. We're not saying you should go out and live like we do though.'

IT'S GREAT THE WAY YOU'VE HELPED BANDS LIKE THE POISONS AND FLUX AND FANZINES LIKE TOXIC GRAFITTY AND KYPP BUT IS'NT THERE A DANGER OF CRASS BECOMING LIKE A RELIGION OR CRASS ARMY THING?

P:'If it had'nt been us it would have been someone else.'

P.W:'Those things need promotion and support which they dont get from us. That is why a lot of other bands will put a lot of effort into securing identity with their fans.'

A.N:'There are obviously people out there who want to identify with the people on stage. We dont go thru' that superstar in the dressing room routine we go out and talk to people in the audience, we have as much personal contact as we can. We do the opposite to most bands.'

P.W:'Any performer tries to provoke more intensity. The star context does'nt provoke change, thought or sensitivity, it just provokes a sort of mundane intensity.'

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WHAT MONEY PANK LAB DONE?

A.N:'What she wants to do is really genuine and honest I think. She did the one single with us, like all the other bands have done and nobody shat on anyone. I dont think she likes what she's doing. I think she realises that all that scene is shit.'

P.W:'I personally think what she is doing is a waste but that's just my oppinion 'cos I'm not interested in that area. I dont care what Adam Ant is doing but to some people it is a loss.'

DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELVES AS ENTERTAINMENT?

A.N:'I think the general definition of 'entertainment' is escapism .....'

-At this point the little kid sticks his head round the door and shouts;

'ANARCHY, PEACE AND CHIPS, HATE!' (Stifled giggles and shushings.)

'....I would'nt term what we're doing as 'entertainment' on the 'night out at the Odeon' level but people can enjoy what we're doing, but it is not escapism. If you've got something to say to people then obviously you've got to put it over in a way that is powerful and attractive in some way, not in a facade way but in a way that will make people sit up and take notice.'

- Skunk's enquiries about the Mad single and their prejudice against bonosexuals leads to good old uncle, John Peel type figure, Penny Rimbaud joining the discussion-

'Anyone we do a single with, we try to agree with on basic issues. For example we did a single with Captain Sensible, with whom you could find a million and one faults. It's not up to us to make qualifications within reason but if you feel strongly about it, it's up to you to expose them if they're not being honest. I know the Flux have had a helluva time of it 'cos of their leather jackets...'

PERSONALLY I THINK THE MOST EFFECTIVE THING YOU'VE DONE WAS THE 'WEDDING BELLS' FLEXI IN 'LOVING'. THAT WAS TAKING THE PISS BUT GOT MORE REACTION THAN A LOT OF THE MORE SERIOUS THINGS YOU'VE BEEN UP TO.

A.N:'Obviously if you think funny thoughts you have to put humour in to what you're doing. I dont think you can work that way unless you're a comedian like Tony Hancock or someone.'

P.R:'The reason that was funny is because it was us. It's the same with the Christmas single we've just done. It's a sort of medley of our songs. It's diabolical. It's just a cheap laugh, it does'nt make the same sort of points as the 'Loving' thing did.

DO YOU THINK WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO SAY IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE MUSICAL OR HUMOUROUS SIDE OF IT?

P.R:'I think our music is really complex. 'Stations' was'nt but 'Feeding' certainly was. Graham Lock from NME said 'Stations' was a parody of ourselves and I think that's right to some extent. The album we're working on at the moment and 'Penis Envy' have had an enormous amount of care put into them. People do get something off what we're doing and it's not just in the words, it's in the power and thought behind it.'

WHAT'S THE END OBJECTIVE OF ALL THIS? WOULD YOU SOONER CARRY ON GRADUALLY LIKE THIS OR EVENTUALLY GET ACROSS TO A WIDER AUDIENCE?

P.R:'There is'nt an end result as such. We're learning as well. One of the reasons why we gig is to see and learn what it is we're doing. At the point when we can no longer contribute then we'll cease to bother. The message has been made. We dont need to endlessly repeat ourselves. We do old songs at gigs but if we did not develop them, there would'nt be much point in doing them. It's thru' the response from other people that we enlarge.

Like the CND 'PEACE' sign; when we first used that 3 or 4 years ago, nobody knew what it bloody meant. Now in a way we've exhausted our use in that area. That's not to say it's not still important.

The important thing is that now we should be coming up with stuff that is as unacceptable as that was at first. When we put 'Feeding' out for a couple quid, it was the most diabolical row anyone had ever heard because people like the Pistols and Clash played Rock'n'Roll. They did'nt make a nasty row like we did. We put out the first awful punk record but now it's become palatable.'

DID YOU EVER THINK WHAT THE PISTOLS AND CLASH WERE DOING WAS GOOD?

P.R:'Oh yeah it was terrific, but one can see now it's contained in Rock'n'Roll as opposed to something outside of Rock'n'Roll. It sounds positive but it's not. It's up to us now to come up with ideas that in 5 years time everyone will be talking about.'

YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY ANTI-NUCLEAR BUT ARE YOU STILL BEHIND ORGANISATIONS SUCH AS CND AND NO NUKES?

P.R:'We've done a lot for No Nukes music but not under their banner. 4 years ago we offered to do gigs for CND and it was a totally novel idea to them. They were really wary at first. No Nukes took over where they really did not want to get involved. Now there's lots of bands prepared to do it. I dont think there's any need for us and we can concentrate on other issues.'

A.N:'We've never had a specific objective. Things have always

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU

turned up which we've expanded in to. When we first started we were not going to put a record out but then Small wonder wanted to do one, then we put our own records out and were honest to ourselves and other people. As well as practical things like that we've exhausted our use for CND but that's not going to stop us saying things against war or doing benefits.

P.R:'A nicesish example of that is when the peace march was on, we were touring up north and we did a gig for about 200 really young kids near Manchester. It wasn't watered down or anything and they really enjoyed it. Meanwhile there were bands appearing at the Rainbow doing a CND/No Nukes star turn thing and losing £1,000 for No Nukes music.

A.N:'We're not into playing places like the Rainbow but if somebody wants to play there for CND all well and good. We're more effective working in areas that dont have as much mass appeal but can actually get the point across more effectively.'

P.W:'Anyway, to all those bands appearing at the Rainbow, Weller or anyone, it's all in a days work.'

P.R:'No, I dont agree, the JAM were not billed to appear there, they turned up and I'M sure they turned up because of weller's committment and I do really think they're one of the few commercial bands with a real degree of committment. All the other bands seemed to be doing it for their own gratification. I really think that guy is genuine. It seems to me that they are proof that within the system it is possible to do something constructive.'

DO YOU THINK THERE'S A DANGER OF CND GOING THE SAME WAY AS RAR?

P.R:'That's another good reason for us to go our own way 'cos if it was ever uncovered as a Trotskyite plot or something, we'd still be independant and could carry on what they were doing. That was particularly the case with RAR. We were very involved with RAR when it started, we did a lot of gigs for them. At that stage it wasn't apparent that there was a lot of political interest, as it became increasingly obvious that there was, we got out and started criticising the RAR but we never criticised the basic philosophy.

CND did perhaps under some political cout like that as such organisations are prone to do, it would be a great shame but it would be up to people like us to continue their objectives. It's the same with the 'Anarchy centre', us and the boys and girls put the money in to it but we wont have anything to do with running it. We have to remain free and independant of organisations.'

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT MORE ACTIVE REVOLUTION LIKE THE RECENT RIOTS?

PR:'I dont see the riots as revolution. They were more like anger. They were not radical they were reactionary as all anger is that's not putting them down at all. They were reactions to really bad conditions. To cent parallel that to Paris of 68 which was a genuine radical event.

There's an active revolution going on in Brixton that's been going on long before the riots in Rastafari, that's a black revolution that I personally dont understand and I dont like many of it's manifestations but that's a true form of cultural revolution. The blacks decided they did not want to be puppets white people and they're making their stand. The riots probably put that revolution back. They achieved nothing in that respect. They were just dirty water on people's minds. They just strenghtened the forces and modes of oppression. I dont believe anything can be gained through organised violence.'

-the conversation moves on to militant anarchists for whom Crass have little respect. Radically they dont believe in Revolution in the accepted sense but in a cultural revolution. The development of human nature rather than institutionalised nature.'

A.N:'I can see why people want to blow up Toad because that is an institution that does limit people's freedom. All that would achieve though is that would build a bigger and stronger one.'

P.R:'They did it in Cuba 20 years ago but it's all too well organised now. Look at El Salvador. Revolution does'nt change anything anyway. Nothing changes until the people change.'

A.N:'Most militants just want to put themselves in the same position as the leaders of the time and impose their own restrictions. They're not offering freedom just another form of oppression. It's up to each individual person to decide how they want to live. If everybody started treating each other as human beings there'd be no need for governments. The argument against that is 'Then who would empty the dustbins?' but if we treated each other with respect, people would realise we create garbage and it's got to be got rid of. There would be no need to tell someone to knocking to do it.'

DO YOU THINK THE GENERAL PUBLIC WANT TO RUN THEIR OWN LIVES?

A.N:'Maybe it's not wanting to take responsibility 'cos it does' not go that far in most people's heads but nobody wants to work 9 to 5 in a factory and be shat on by the boss and then go home and shit on the wife who kicks the cat.'

S.I:'It's a load of shit innit? I dont think that most people even think about it. To some people I know it would not make one blind bit of difference what government was in power. Even if it was Nazis they would still carry on doing what they've always done.'

SO DO YOU THINK PEOPLE SHOULD BE FORCED INTO THINKING FOR THEMSELVES?

P.R:'I dont think any individual should be forced to do anything, but I would like everyone to stand in opposition to war, but I would'nt go round grabbing hold of people and arguing with them. I do agree with the sort of constructive dialogue that us and thousands of others are putting out, that is creating ripples in the society that we live that are spreading out and giving people an option.'

A.N:'I dont think people should be forced but if through the information you've recieved you decide that you dont want anything to do with war, you have a responsibility to offer alternatives and try to do something about it.'

P:'The aim is to educate.'

P.R:'It's like the Peace march; 500,000 people march thru' London. I dont think that has any effect on what Mrs. Thatcher might think. What would have effect is when people in her street start protesting. She's not gonna change her mind 'till the people around her are effected.

At first it comes from the outside and is criticised and derided, then it becomes accepted by the so called intellectuals, then it spreads out to the educated, then the ones who did'nt have the opportunities to be educated, then it becomes culture. It's a long progress. Like Lord Shaftesbury who said child labour was awful at first he was derided, but eventually it filters through into the higher reaches.

When it reaches that stage it's become a joke. The debates in the House of Commons are a farce. There's these incredibly important issues and these silly old doddering fools talking about them so lightly or with privilged passion. They're dealing with beliefs that radicals created 40 or 100 years ago. That's how it will always be. The radical is the most important member of society.'

ARE YOU OPTIMISTIC?

P.R:'I think in 10 years time there will be a nuclear free Europe. I think there can only be cause to be optimistic.'

P.W:'My optimism about a nuclear free europe is that people will encapture it into themselves. They will be removed relatively quickly, which will mean the introduction of other more up to date methods of destroying people.'

P.R:'I sort of mildly disagree with you there, 'cos I dont think there's a drive towards destruction. That's why there will be a nuclear free zone in Europe because there's thousands and millions of people objecting to nuclear arms.

We're still being governed by a generation who were involved in a war. America is different because it had Viet Nam and they're still trying to come to terms with the guilt of it. None of us have experienced war. It's a totally alien concept. I think that our views that are extreme now will come through.'

FINALLY YOUR VIEWS ON RELIGION:

I FEEL THAT JESUS CHRIST WAS ALRIGHT. IT'S JUST THE WAY PEOPLE HAVE CORRUPTED WHAT HE SAID THAT'S WRONG.

P.R:'I think there is a valid criticism in that someone who sets themselves up as an individual authority in the way that Christ may have done and in the way that John Lennon set his self up, and stand to be criticised on the effect. Him rejecting the existing jewish church, quite rightly in my view, did directly result in the split between christians and jews and that single act that he made did lead to the concentration camps. That's unavoidable logic. Whether or not it's totally reasonable to criticise Christ for digging the pits of Auchwitz as 'Asylum' says is debatable, because Christ as you say did say some beautiful things, but nonetheless he set himself up as an authority. How can you resolve his goodness if that's the net result of what he said. The behaviour and pattern he set was just not good enough.'

- Well, that's where the tape ended. We continued chatting for some time but that's all the important issues. Have Crass set themselves up for more than they can handle and are they good enough. That's for you to decide. Take it or leave it. Crass are there if you need them.

I find that they're probably the only genuinely honest and sincere band I've ever met and what they're doing certainly seems to work, they've achieved a lot of good, but on the other hand I find their attitude basically self righteous, perhaps it would be good if they occassionally did something that was wrong but then again there's alot of contradictions in what they say. For example at the end of the interview they said they did'nt want to be named individually because they're all together and dont want individuals being made into stars. Although I can see the honesty in this, it's also

ntradictory in that they are
l very individual people and
l have varying but important
hings to say. So for that I've
mpromised and just used initials
fter all a mention in Vague is'n
ing to change them overnight
to superstars, although the pic
ne on the cover should get the
roupies rolling in.....woops.
rry...right, I think it's
te Scott now, babbling on
bout CND or something. See you
the Crown of Thorns interview.
.....TOM.

You choose between living and Tomahawk Cruise...

PETE SCOTT TAKES AN UNHYSTERICAL LOOK AT THE NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT ISSUE.

In October of 1981 I went to Sheffield to interview Mark Gouldthorpe, vocalist and lyricist with the new wave group Artery. The interview took place in a flat rented by Artery's manager Tony Perrin. Mark and I covered a wide variety of subjects. At one point I asked him about his political views and he told me that although he did'nt know too much about the respective policies of the left and right, he thought of himself as a right wing person. "It's a material world," he explained, "and I believe in material things."

A little later I asked Mark if Artery would ever play a CND benefit gig. His reply nearly floored me: "uhh....CND? What's that?".....

In this day and age I find it hard to believe that anyone could be unaware of what the initials CND stand for, but as far as I could tell, Mark's puzzlement was genuine. If nothing else I found his unwillingness to trot out the usual trendy left-of-centre rock rhetoric refreshing. I feel that CND is essentially a good thing (I'm a member myself) but I dislike the way it's suddenly become fashionable. As far as the music community is concerned it's taken over from RAR as the HIP cause to support. There's even a weekly nuclear disarmers column in the NME. As usual, the passion looks like ending in mere fashion. Which is a drag, because the CND is too important a cause to be gobbled up this way.....

Since Russia invaded Afghanistan about 2 years ago, nuclear weapons have become THE major political issue of our time. Last year former b-movie actor Ronald Reagan swept to power in America on a tidal wave of anti-soviet sentiment. Reagan immediately pledged to "protect America's legitimate interests at all costs." Loosely translated "America's legitimate interests" means any natural resource produced by any country other than America, mostly it means oil. In plain English, Ronnie is committed to seizing any such resources by force if need be. No two ways about it; America is facing up to the possibility of an armed conflict with Russia. Conventional or nuclear, it makes no difference to Ronnie. That's why the leather faced old fraud is trying to persuade the NATO countries to allow American cruise missiles to be stationed on their soil: if a nuclear war ever breaks out, Russia will certainly try to bomb America's missiles while they're still in their silos. This means that Europe will be devastated while America will be virtually untouched.

It should be pointed out that the Russians are doing exactly the same thing stationing their SS20 missiles on non-soviet soil so that if a nuclear war breaks out, some other poor bastards will bear the brunt of America's nuclear strike force.

Here in Britain, Thatcher and her crew seem all set to accept their allotment of cruise missiles. In an attempt to justify this, they have made available certain information on what would happen if Britain were ever hit by a nuclear attack. This information includes the ludicrous 'Protect and survive' pamphlet, which basically advises everyone to whitewash their windows, get under a table, put their heads between their legs and kiss their arses goodbye! The whole thing would be laughable if it were'nt so piss-pathetic. Though the object of releasing this information was originally to convince people that the cruise missile system (together with the government's hopelessly inadequate 'civil defence' plans) were/are essential to Britain's survival, it has had the opposite effect. The CND's membership has boomed over the past two years and now stands at a record high. At the tory party conference, Defence secretary John Nott (Does'nt he play cricket? Ed) (Apparently nott) accused the CND of "craven appeasement towards the soviet union." On the other hand, the CND people feel that Nott, Thatcher and the rest are guilty of craven appeasement towards the USA. The issue cuts both ways.

Now, as I've already said, a CND member. I joined because the final analysis I'd rather Red than dead. I'll take life any price. But still, I find self wondering what would hap if Britain were to disarm. Ba ally the disarmers' stance is based on the assumption that Russkies are really a peacef fun loving bunch. And there is little evidence to support th view. They may not be prepare go to war, of course. But we be sure of that. If we were to disarm unilaterally, we'd run risk of being subjected to blackmail. America would cert ly 'disown' us, and Russia w then be able to turn around say: "OK, give in to us or we fry the lot of you."

If all the countries of the west were to disarm unilaterally then a conventional war would certainly become a strong ris Nowadays war is just an exten of diplomacy. With the threat nuclear war removed, the possi ility of a full scale conflict breaking out would heighten appreciably. Just think about it for a minute - a conventio war: conscription...call-up papers...basic training.... combat... I dunno about you b I'm not into anything like th It's not my scene at all.

At the tory party conferen employment minister Norman Te talked about his father who w unemployed in the thirties. "H did'nt shoot," Norm said, "he g on his bike and looked for wo The conference applauded this monumentally stupid, callous, insensitive statement as thou it actually represented a solution to the unemployment problem. The tories' message Britain's 3,000,000 jobless could'nt be clearer: "On yer b And yet this same government spends upwards of £1,000,000 hour on arms. And the figure keeps going up and up. Obvio something's got to be done.

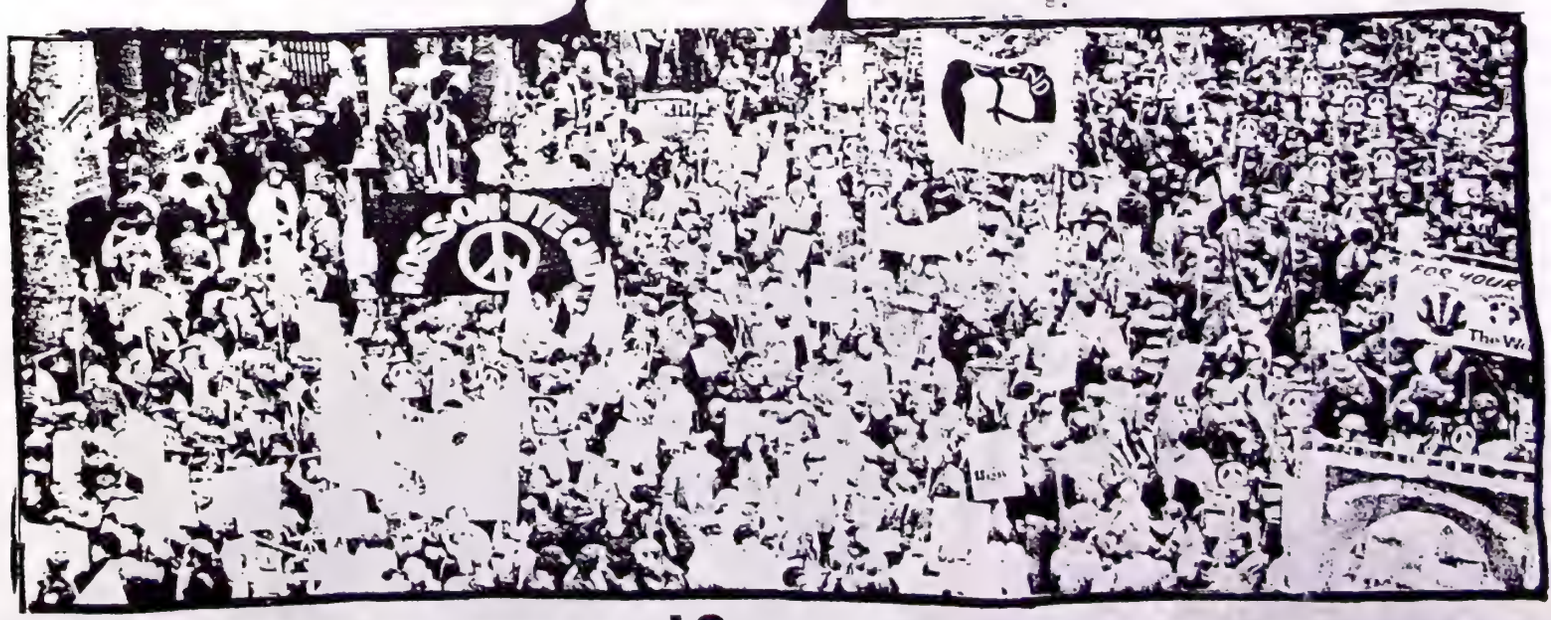
So join the CND and campai for disarmament by all means. for fuck's sake THINK about i first. Dont just do it becau your hippy mated say you sho Dont spout empty slogans like "Jobs not bombs" for the sake it. Be aware of the conseque of your actions. (Do you look good in khaki?)

A word to the wise guy...

footnote:Perhaps next time (If there is a next time) I'll do an hysterical disarmament article. We must'nt fall for their threats and blackmail. Their toys are immoral and obscene they must be taken away. There can be no compromise with this system. They cant wait to drop them but we must not be part of their corruption....if unfortunately we are, follow the instructions below;

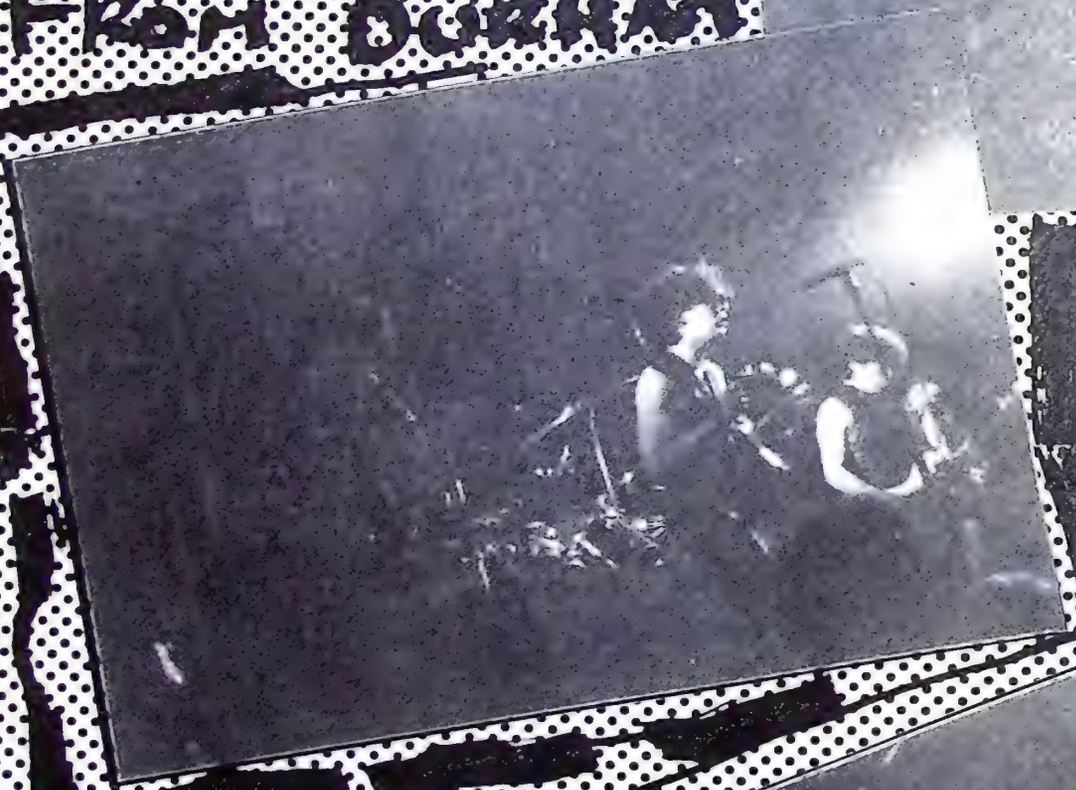
VAGUE INSTRUCTIONS IN THE EVENT OF HOLOCAUST

1. Place your telephone in a bucket of water. Copper from the wiring conducts radio activity.
2. Switch on your television. Await government issue signal warning. This will be a red flash follow by a blue flash followed by a green flash followed by Flash Gordon.
3. Direct your screen towards the sky at a 45° angle if you live west of Wapping in order to aid the psychotronic direction of the missiles.
4. Catalogue your physognomy in order to facilitate your reassemblance. The atoms of your left side will be seen to be hues of red. Those on the right side will be hues of blue. A leaflet on the colour coding system can be obtained from Department Paintbynumbers, Room 749.
5. Eat one dozen eggs in order to lessen the likelihood of dissapation.
6. Place personal fall out shelter (If not issued a copy of VAGUE 9 will do) in position over head.
7. DUCK
8.



WASTED YOUTH

AT NEWCASTLE ON THE PUNKS TOUR BY NIGEL FROM DURHAM



the crown of thorns

Away from all the various revolutions into revolting bygone styles, something's happening up in High Barnet. Barnet is'nt normally reknowned foor setting trends in music or fashion. Until now that is. Not that Barnet's got anything to do with the CROWN OF THORNS except that they live there, but it seemed like a good way to start this article at the time.

The CROWN OF THORNS are, in their own words, four ' colourful people' who have hit upon a new angle to the R'n'R theme. At first this led to a brief flirtation with Psycchedelia. This was quickly dropped when they realised how they would be pidgeonholed and because reviving some old fad is the furthest thought from their minds.

I had my first encounter with them at the Moonlight one night. I was feeling a bit low but the Crown of Thorns changed all that. From their startling intro into sound and vision, through their brand of aggressive dance music, individually tinged with keyboards and unusual vocal style, I left the gig feeling a very good buzz.

After some unneeded prompting by their famous manager, I got a couple of the band together one night, over a cassette deck and a few cans of McSwans. By subtle confidence boosting smalltalk, off football, brass bands and beer, over, I dive straight into the formalities.

They are;

MALCOLM MEVER - GUITAR
PHIL SNOW - DRUMS
STEVE SOER - BASS/VOCALS
KEITH FINCH - KEYBOARDS

Steve and Phil played together in a band that did'nt really get off the ground. When Steve met Keith just before last christmas. They cut a few experimental demos at (Local heroes) the broughtons' studios. They did'nt really work out so they started auditioning. Phil was'nt their original drummer, but his crazy antics in the audience at their first gig assured him his place in the band. Malcolm came along to the auditions and the others decided he was perfect. So they took it from there.

TOM: SO WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO GET TOGETHER? WERE YOU DISILLUSIONED WITH THE PRESSENT MUSIC SCENE OR WHAT?

STEVE: 'We were'nt particularly disillusioned, we just wanted to write poppy dance music, so people could come out and have a really good time. A lot of bands are more into getting political messages accross. We're not interested in that....we're more of a folk band. We like to get across every aspect of normal life. We're trying to capture an every day thing in the music we're playing. It's got all aspects, it's funny, it's serious, it's danceable. It's anything people experience from day to day. There's no heavy message. It's just observations on every day life.'

Photo Mike Owen

TOM: (typical question) WHAT ABOUT THE NAME 'CROWN OF THORNS'. HAS IT GOT ANY RELIGIOUS CONNECTIONS?

STEVE: 'Not at all, it just had a nice ring to it.'

KEITH: 'Once we got the music together, the name was a real problem. We had a few ideas but they all seemed to group us into some trend. 'CROWN OF THORNS' does'nt really mean anything.'

STEVE: 'We were reading this book right...'

KEITH: 'It was'nt the bible...'

STEVE: ''CROWN OF THORNS' was in this passage and it just seemed to fit.'

KEITH: 'The first gig we did, we went out under the 'KILL SISTERS' that's why it's scratched on the single.'

TOM: 'You say you're not political but the 'Stuck in the world' single sleeve depicts 'third world' scenes. Is there any particular reason for that?'

STEVE: 'The guy that done the sleeve is very involved with the group. He does the DELTA 5 as well. Basically what that is, it comes from the 'Stuck in the world' bit. It's humourous. We're not saying 'Stuck in the world' end of story. We're saying 'What can we do about it.' Those are just various cultures around the world. It's not just the third world, there's the Incas, one's an elephant, the others are just a few situations that are going on around the world. There's no deep meaning maybe we should have had a supermarket and included England. When we say 'Stuck in the world' it's tongue in cheek really.'

KEITH: 'There's people spending millions of pounds trying to get off the world. We want to be astronauts. At least you can get out of the world somehow. It's only your mind that's stuck. If you let your mind go...'

TOM: Y'KNOW THE TROUBLE AT THE MOMENT IS ANY NEW BAND, NO MATTER HOW ORIGINAL, GETS PIDGEONHOLED. DONT YOU THINK THERE'S A DANGER OF YOU GETTING CATEGORISED AS 'PSYCHEDELIC'?

STEVE: 'That word! We're colourful people right. These other bands are playing music that was heard in the mid-sixties. We dont think it's relevant now. Basically I like to think we're a high energy pop group that is relevant now, more relevant than what happened 15 years ago. A lot of people that come to our gigs leave feeling a bit tense but they've also enjoyed what they have seen. We like to put an emphasis on a really good entertainment package. We're trying to put together a really good light show. We'd rather people came to our gigs to dance, have a few drinks or whatever they do. We'd like to think it takes them out it a bit.'

KEITH: 'The people that come to our gigs come from very mixed backgrounds, because there's no tag on it. People enjoy it for different reasons. If people cant understand they try to class it.'

TOM: YOU'RE A MILLION MILES AWAY FROM WHAT ADAM ANT IS DOING, BUT ISN'T THERE A DANGER OF IT BECOMING ESCAPIST?'

STEVE: 'We're not trying to create a false sense of security, it's not an unreal thing. But it is escapist in a way. People dont want to be reminded that they live in tower blocks or whatever. There's no point in telling people how depressed they are. They know that, (But do they? ED) we're not an escapism but at the same time all four of us are down to earth people and we're saying "We're having a good time. Why dont you have a good time?"

Music should be about everyone's experiences that everyone has. If you can get a sense of humour in and you can get other aspects of life in and you're saying that and you're singing that and people are dancing to it and they understand what you're on about. Dont you think that's good?

We're just trying to get across an every day thing. That's why I said the Folk thing. The beatles were probably the greatest folk group ever. Their humour and their songs. The beatles just capture Liverpool. It's so relevant, it's so like Liverpool folk. Music for the people who live that sort of life. It's important.

It's an outlet for us to actually write music. That's the most important thing for us as a band. Hopefully other people can see the same outlet as us. We're only saying what everybody else is probably thinking. The only difference is we're up on a platform and we've got a P/A system. Other people are saying it but it's not being amplified.'

Shortly after this interview took place, the CROWN OF THORNS played on their biggest soapbox to date at Futurama in Stafford singley hall. Although they were low down the bill, they were the first band to get any reaction out of the lethargic audience. Since then they've been steadily establishing themselves on the London club circuit and the record companies are showing more than a passing interest. Watch this space, the CROWN OF THORNS are one of my tips for the top in '82.....TOM VAGUE

FUTURE LEGEN

I hope you realise what I've been through to get this article together, for the sake of all you non-believer, stay at home clever types. Every time I go to a festival, mmmm, I say to myself, that "never again. this is no way for a young rebel anarchist to spend his weekend". The trouble is it's all true what they say about Futuramas.

After last years ordeal, as usual, I swore "never again". Then the lure of a press pass and a good piss up with some old mates proved too much.... oh yes, and there were some good bands as well. In '81 it was a battle between goody John Keenan, the enterprising Northerner who started the ball rolling, with ruturama and baddy John Curd, the arch supremo of straight music, whose "Daze of ruture Past" was in Leeds Queens Hall. Keenan would not use it again because of licensing problems and limitations on bands. Curd was prepared to make that compromise. Quote John Keenan "Imitation is a Capitalist form of flattery. What price your soul?"

First off is Keenan's Futurama three in the tranquil resetting of Stafford Bingley Hall. Nice guy Keenan has got together an interesting bill of MANY new and adventurous outfits. One of which, The Crown of Thorns give me a lift up from London. This night sound very nice but not when you have to get up at 7 a.m. and get stuck in a traffic jam at Milton Keynes for ages.

The Bingley Hall is situated in the middle of the charming Staffordshire countryside, fastly being invaded by troops of mutant punks. From a distance the "Killing Jokes emblazoned on leathers could easily be mistaken for Iron Maidens".

Still, things look better in the privelaged balcony inside. There's a limited amount of free beer, which is o.k. until they get to know you and know you can be in four different bands. Down in the hall things are getting a bit slunny. I'm sure if you were on acid it would look like sorbet ing out of a Dahli painting.

The first three bands left past without causing the slightest stir. The Crown of Thorns are the first band to get any reaction. They make a few friends with their humour and abrasive pop. Next year they'll be headlining.

Around this time I do the unforgivable. I start to enjoy myself. It's bad enough if you're a painter but if you're a journalist it's unheard of. There's a good friendly atmosphere at Stafford. Back to the bands; Don't remember ANOTHER COLOUR. PONDEROSSA GLEEBOYS were disappointing Martin Bessemen and Seething Wells added some humour to the rather drab proceedings. LINES were ok. 23 SKIDOO were the first real success. Their brand of Punk Funk or whatever it is lifted everybody up again. Don't remember much about OK JIVE. THE SOUND were powerful and convincing.... but there's too many bands, they all seem to blend into each other. The ones that did stand out had to make a real effort, which is [illegible] I guess.

[illegible] didn't need to make much of an effort though. They're the band that most people came to see. I really don't know if they've got something or not. I think I like them. PASSIONS were pretty nondescript, not the right band for something like this. Then BAUHAUS. They tear the whole place apart. If anything they've improved in the last year. Best band of the night.

The HUMAN CONDITION pulled out which was a s are, so after the poets again THE GANG OF FOUR do their bit. They're very good. Good dance music and all that but I don't think they should have been headlining. Then its back to reality when five of us try to sleep in a car. The next morning The Crown of Thorns go back to London leaving me and photographer Rosz to brave the rest of the ordeal. We go down town to get away from it all for a while. On our return MARTIAN DANCE are just finishing. They could have done big things if they had not made themselves so unpopular.

After them only BLUE ORCHIDS and U.K. DECAY stand out. I'm still having FUN but ruturama could be so much better. I saw RICHARD STRANGE but I didn't realize it. Then its BOW-WOW-WOW like a big explosion of colour, light, legs, tribal drumming and sheer ecstatic energy. They bring the whole thing back to life. BOW-WOW-WOW will be enormous.

[illegible] was i[illegible]. After [illegible] CHRISTIANS went on [illegible] MODERN [illegible] and DOLL [illegible] didn't [illegible] play. We [illegible] way [illegible] SIMPLE MINDS [illegible] rus. [illegible] got a [illegible] end and paradi[illegible]

[illegible] place. Another [illegible] same story. I can't think of anything good to say a[illegible] Curd's DAZE [illegible] only that through bad luck [illegible] big names pulled out at the last minute. Nonetheless only name bands that would pull were booked anyway. RUTURE DAZE was a shoddy haphazard affair, over zealous security and bad organization created more of the atmosphere of a funeral than a festival. The whole thing isn't helped by the torrential rain and the depressingly industrial surroundings.

There's very little respite from this squalid affair. There's hope for ruturama, some good ideas there but RUTURE DAZE had always meant to be a quick cash in but it didn't work.

Bouncy ALTERED IMAGES add a bit of optimism and hope but not enough. I don't know why the THOMPSON TWINS were playing I thought they were into participation. Things like this make the gulf between bands and audience a gaping chasm.

TOH and BAUHAUS, the stars of Futurama both pulled it off again which says a lot for both bands, but should the bands and the punters have to put up with such conditions. This is definately no fun. Popular opinion is that the only way to have enjoyed either festival is to have been pissed out of one's head, but then Sunday morning is like dying twice.

All of this considered it was a perfect setting for those camp ghouls of rockabilly whatsit THE CRAMPS perhaps we are the dead. You have to make an effort to feel alive let alone feel happy. It looks like the BUNNYMEN feel the same way or perhaps it was just me, I've seen them much better anyway.

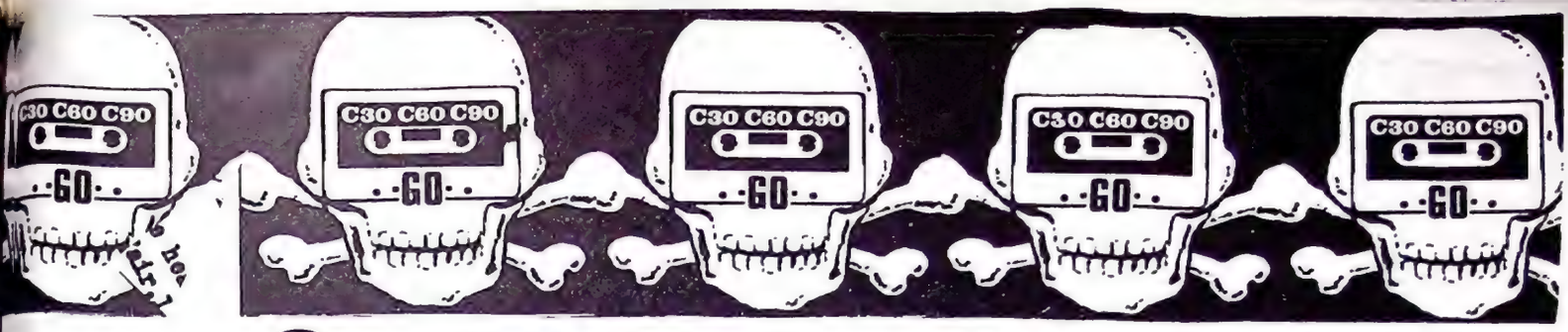
A good night's sleep and surprizingly I'm in a good mood on Sunday. This revitalized feeling doesn't last. The Queen's Hall is still as dismal and depressing. It couldn't get any worse. The music's alright though; MILES OVER SATTER, PAST SEVEN DAYS, INNER CITY UNIT and THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS are all interesting. Some other time maybe. B-MOVIE got some reaction but seemed to go on too long. Festivals are supposed to be social occasions as well and you can't digest everything that they attack you with through the [illegible] STACKS.

Then it's the original Bollock Brothers: alias Cook and Jones, turn to earn themselves a few bob. They are a joke, tired old working class tossers, no more adventurous than Rockpile. It was quite sad really. Still the crowd's on them because being ex Pistols they could be making a packet. Only redeeming feature, Johnsie taking the piss out of the shouts for "Anarchy" etc.

Whereas the Bow-Wow's were the colourful saviours of Futurama CLASSIX NOUVEAUX do a similar job to Future Daze. Their heavy funky poppy set is bound to throw up a hit single sooner or later. Their humourous nature wins over the remnants of the audience and Classix notch up the biggest success of either of the daze.

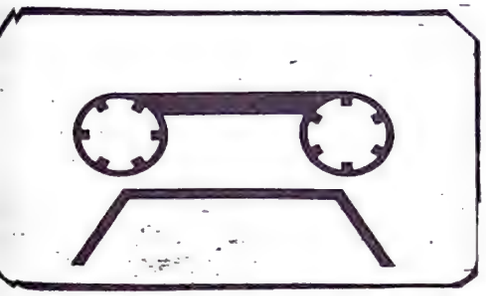
Then I got a lift back to London and was spared another Gang of Four set. Not having quite so many bands made ruture Daze somewhat slightly bearable. I personally enjoyed ruturama more but when it comes down to it there's not much difference between the two.

The over indulgence that goes on at festivals is like a good piss-up. The morning after say "never again" but the next weekend you're pissed again. Similarly next year I'll no doubt be making my way to Leeds again... God I'm turning into a hippy.. TOM.

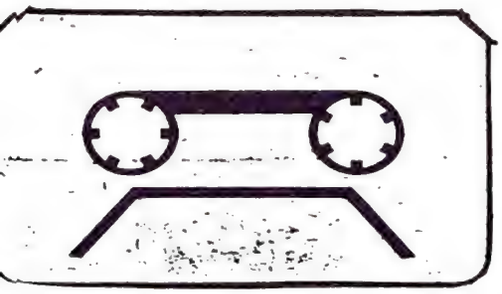


See Vinyl! See Vinyl!

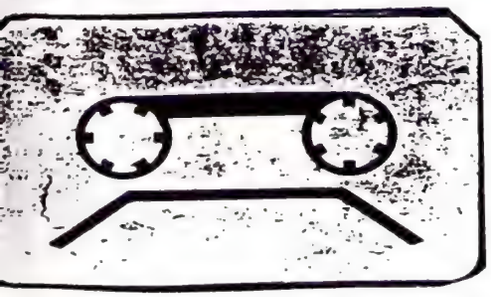
Go Exploit the public, Yeah!



ttening to my hero Peter Sissons
other dinner time, it struck
how important the blank tape
yy controversy really is. When
gged out old pop stars like
bbie 'Slag' Harry and so called
nn' of the people, the Police
rrt babbling on about their loss
income through home taping, it's
es something should be done. It's
longer a silly technicality in
law but an important issue
rre the public stand to be
loited yet again by the BPI
ritish phonographic industry)



As most people know, about the
y thing you can do legally with
assette recorder is tape your-
f farting (And even then you
ld get sued by Heinz) This is
ood example of the ancient red
e that this system is still
gled up in. It's rather amusing
ever that this particular piece
legislation is virtually impos-
e to enforce unless the old bill
sent into every home in the
ntry to check cassette

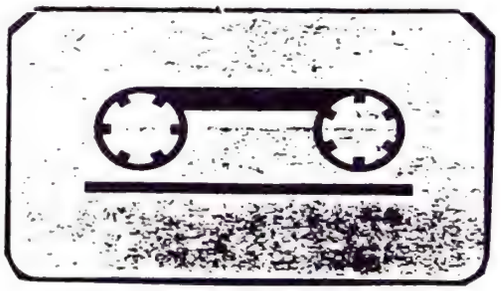


collection. Believe it or not isolated cases of this have accured but as yet it's not a common practise. They've got better things to do like beating up blacks and picking on the unemployed.

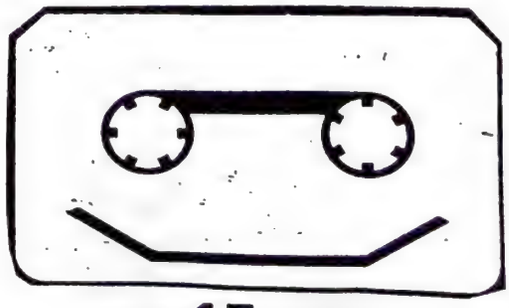
The point is just about everything (except VAGUE) is copyrighted. The government does'nt like having one of it's laws ignored because then people might start to question all their laws. So they're gonna have a debate in view of changing the law.

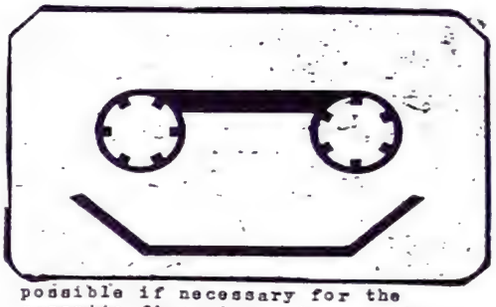
In recent years the BPI has hit hard times, by their standards, because of the recession and bad management but mainly because of Punk Rock which brought all their swindles, hypes and exploitation out into the open. If you are on the dole and into music, one way of getting round this is blank taping. Most people would prefer to have LP's anyway, better sound quality and everything.

If the BPI can get a levy on blank tapes they stand to gain £75 million a year. They would achieve this either by taxing



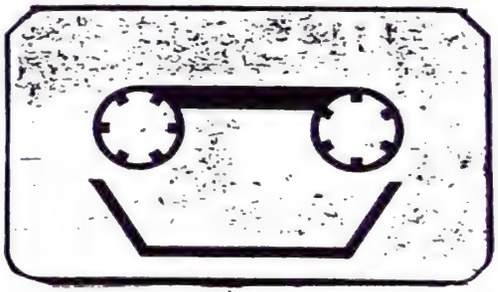
cassettes. (They want £2 on C-90's and £3 on C-120's. As Barry Foxton in the Sunday Express supplement wouldyabelieve?, pointed out, this would'nt go to up and coming new bands but old rich bastards like Rod Stewart, Paul McCartney and Elton John.) The government was'nt into this but they've given their equally ridiculous option to put a spoiler signal on recordings that will only be picked up when recording. However it is



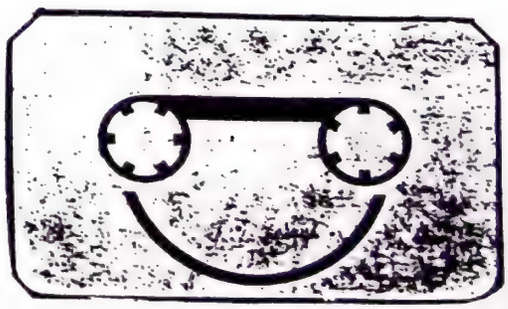


possible if necessary for the cassette firms to produce anti-spoiler devices. And apparently the spoiler system is'nt even feasible, but the BPI have no chance of getting a tax enforced unless they forget the spoiler idea which they cant without losing face.

Nonetheless the record companies are desperately gonna try to change the governments mind by launching a big anti-home taping campaign. So unless you want to spend your dole on some shagged out old popstars warblings, stop buying LP's, tape it, it's much cheaper



(At the moment) and hipper! If anyone's got any constructive to say on the subject, write to the consumers association, who are representing the public at the government's debate, (14 Buckingham St, London WC 2N 6DS) This article was inspired by Barry Fox's 'Taped Law' and not Malcolm Mclaren, who is merrily bringing out vinyl for RCA like the creative capitalist he is!



The Velvet Underground

'A trip down memory lane with crusty old fogey Pete Scott.'

'Punk Rock' had many godfathers, and the Velvet Underground were undoubtedly foremost amongst them. How many other bands, in the magic summer of love, were singing about transvestism, masochism and the dubious joys of injecting heroin? How many other bands were exploring previously uncharted musical territory, heedless of whether they blew people's minds or simply turned their stomachs? And how many other bands have attained such a legendary (and not altogether warranted) status as time has gone by? The answer to all these questions is; not many matey!

When it comes to writing about the Velvets, it's difficult to know where to begin. They are now generally regarded as one of the most important and influential groups of all time; it's not easy to say anything about them that has'nt already been said. I see no point in attempting a definitive chronological history of the Velvets, so think of this as a kind of personal overview with a few facts thrown in for good measure.

The origin of the Velvet underground is now lost in the mists of time. They first got together some time in 1965, calling themselves the Primitives. At the time, the line-up consisted of pop songwriter Lou Reed (Vocals and Guitar); classical musician John Cale (Violin, bass and occasional vocals); four-square Sterling Morrison (Guitar); and quasi religious weirdo Angus Maclise (Drums). The Primitives came from differing social backgrounds: Reed and Morrison were american; Cale was Welsh and Maclise a Scot. They made a few tentative stabs at getting their act together, but dont appear to have achieved very much. Maclise later left to pursue his own bizarre religious inclinations (allegedly he recently died of starvation) and was replaced by cute tomboy Maureen Tucker. Someone decided that a change of name would be a good idea, and the Primitives were magically transformed into the Velvet Underground. They took the name from a book marginally concerned with sex (S/M? wife-swapping?)

Later the velvets began to associate with NY painter and film maker Andy Warhol. According to some versions of the story they were spotted by the poet Gerard Malanga, who occasionally worked at warhol's 'factory', a huge loft on NY's East Forty-seventh street. (Malanga helped to silk screen many of Warhol's most famous early prints.) However, in the book 'The Autobiography and Sex life of Andy Warhol', Lou Reed claimed that the Velvets were spotted by Warhol himself when they played a gig at the Bizarre coffee house. Accounts vary, but whatever the truth of the matter, the fact remains that the Velvets began to hang out at the Factory with the regular riff-raff: the transvestites, lapsed Catholics, 'Superstars' (Warhol's cynical term for the people who appeared in his non-motion pictures) and drug addicts.

It was at this time that Nico, a German model and actress, joined the group. The extent of her participation was minimal. She sang only a few songs and appears to have been kept on for her ornamental value rather than anything else.

In February, 1967, the Velvets went on the road with the Exploding Plastic Inevitable, Warhol's now legendary mixed-media show. For a time in the mid-sixties, mixed-media shows were very popular. Their aim was to recreate the effects of a drug trip by non-chemical means: flashing lights, loud music, films, slide shows and much assorted weirdness. The end result was (it was hoped) very 'groovy' and mind-expanding. By all accounts the EPI was particularly extreme and challenging. There's a good description of one of the shows in 'The Autobiography and Sex Life':

"Onstage came the Velvet Underground.... Their sound, punctuated by whatever screeches, whines, whistles and wails can be coaxed out of the amps, envelopes the audience with disploding (?) decibels, a sound two-and-a-half times as loud as anybody thought they could stand..... At the same time, the movies are playing: movies of Nico the bland, blonde singer. Nico's face. Nico's mouth. Nico sideways, backwards, superimposed on the walls, the ceiling, on Nico herself as she stands onstage impassively singing.... Movies were shown on a constantly shifting background. "Fantastic" said Andy, as he flickered coloured gelatins in front of the projector. Three other projectors were operating simultaneously from other parts of the hall. There were movies upon movies and movies on top of people who were appearing in movies. Dancing on stage with Ingrid Superstar was poet Gerard Malanga, his long blonde locks falling across his face..." And so on.....

Before too long, the EPI fell apart, and the Velvets begged, borrowed and stole enough cash to record their first LP, 'The Velvet Underground and Nico'. They took the finished product to various record companies and finally secured a deal with MGM. The album was released, made number 199 in the Hot 200 and sank without trace. Since then its reputation has grown steadily and it's now justly regarded as one of the finest debut albums of all time.

'The Velvet Underground and Nico' covers a gamut of musical styles. 'Sunday Morning' and 'There she goes again' are conventional pop songs, whereas 'The Black Angels Death Song' and 'European son' are experimental compositions aimed at extending the boundaries of rock music. 'Waiting for the Man' and 'Venus in Furs' are harsh and uncompromising, marrying previously unthinkable subject matter with an unorthodox instrumental style. Then there's 'Heroin', the that really made the Velvets notorious. Cale's electric violin and Reed's arrogant vocal delivery combine to create a palpable sense of tension and urgency; the song builds up to an almost unbearable climax.

With the advantage of hindsight it's clear that there were two opposing forces at work when the Velvet Underground and Nico' was recorded - Reed's pop sensibilities and Cale's more arty avant-garde tendencies. The tension between the two extremes has enabled the LP to withstand the test of time. Like I said, it did'nt sell too well when it was first released, but in the Summer of love, no one wanted to listen to a strung-out junkie pervert like Lou Reed gibbering about how it made feel like a man when he put a spike into his vein.

Shortly after the first LP came out, Nico left the group. Over the years she's released five varied and interesting but ultimately gloomy and unrewarding solo albums. The Velvets continued without her and released their second anthology of songs, 'White Light /White Heat', in December'67. 'White Light' is much more extreme and challenging than it's predecessor. The songs are stark, heavy and monotonous. The title track hints at mania. 'I heard her call my name' confirms it. 'The Gift' is an eight minute narrative intoned by John Cale over a leaden six chord instrumental called 'The Booker T'. 'Lady Godiva's Operation' and 'Here She comes now' are arguably the finest things on the entire record. Both are comparitively restrained. 'Operation' features Mo Tucker's best ever drum [illegible] (which is'nt saying very much) and 'Here she comes' is ambiguous and genuinely haunting.

Commercially 'White Light' was a King-sized flopperoo. John Cale left soon after it came out, and since then he's recorded about ten solo albums (I forget the actual figure). Artistically he's managed to maintain a certain credibility, but commercially his career has been a sustained non-event. He still seems to come up with the occassional good song, but basically he's a fat, obnoxious welsh bastard and always will be. His place in the Velvets was taken by Doug Yule one of Lou Reed's old friends. Yule was less radical in his [illegible] than Cale, and with him in the line-up, the group's musical policies changed considerably. The third LP did'nt come out until

1969. I listened to it just sitting down to write this le, and it's nowhere near as as their previous work. theless, it contains some of very best things they ever Candy says'(a song about the sexual Candy Darling, who cropped up in 'A Walk on wild side'), 'I'm set free' Story of my life'. The LP is d simply 'The Velvet Under- d', and above all it's a ction of real songs made by people dealing with real tions. In his highly recomm- d book 'Lou Reed and the Vel- Underground', Nigel Trevena ribed how people rected to it it first came out; isunderstanding and disapp- ent from the fans (there are w) and the band lose more s: and friends. Cries of sell The sinister album retains secrets and the band have no nt. By mutual agreement the s and MGM part company and anxious months they are with label..."

In 1970 the velvets signed a with Atlantic, "a class label" recorded an album called dled'- "because it was loaded hits," according to Lou Reed. Reed quit the band.

With Reed safely out of the Doug Yule was free to assume trol of the velvets. He made ious alterations to the songs 'Loaded', and when it was ally released it deviated Reed's original concept in es a few ways. By all accounts himself does'nt like 'Loaded' all,'and it's not hard to see Only four of the tracks are ticularly good- 'Sweet Jane', ck'n'Roll','Head held high' 'Train round the bend'. est Nothin'' and 'New Age' bearable, but things like loves the sun', 'Lonesome body Bill' and 'I found a reason' are just embarassing. Taking all things into account 'Loaded' is'nt a particularly good parting shot.

After leaving the velvets, Lou Reed signed with RCA and released a string of solo LP's of which only one, 'Rock'n'Roll Animal', is worth listening to all the way through. A few years ago he moved to Arista and released another string of trashy, throw away efforts. On balance his work for Arista is 'better' than his work for RCA, but only marginally. At present, Reed is just a burnt out old wanker- a ghost of his former self. (On the other hand, two of the available Reed bootlegs 'Blonds have more fun' and 'Stiff on his legend' are excellent. The versions of 'Merion', 'Walk on the Wild side' and 'Waiting for the man' on 'Blonds' are fucking amazing.)

As for the Velvets, they struggled on for a while without Lou. Sterling Morrison left and took a job teaching in Texas, and Doug Yule toured Europe with Mo Tucker on drums and Walter Powers and Willie Alexander on bass and guitar. By all accounts they were dreadful. They even released a record called 'Squeeze' - a complete non-event masquerading as an LP.

Since the Velvets split, two live LPs have appeared-'Live at Max's' and 'Live in 1969'. Of the two, 'Max's' is perhaps the better Billy Yule sits in on drums (Mo Tucker was having a baby) and the legendary Velvet Underground sound like a competent but annonymous "get down and boogie" - type band. Two of the tracks, 'Sweet Jane' and 'New Age' (featuring Doug Yule's best ever vocal) are compelling. On '1969' the Velvets sound like a bunch of teenagers rehearsing in someone's garage. Mo Tucker's drumming is painfully incompetent, and the entire LP puts the lie to Nigel Trevena's claim that "On a good night, the Velvet Underground were awe-inspiring."

It now seems clear that the Velvets' reputation rests almost solely on their first two studio albums, both of which continue to attract attention by dint of their rough and ready production values, unorthodox arrangements and use of taboo subject matter. The Velvet Underground have been one of the most important of all influences on modern youth music for some ten years now, ever since leading trendsetter David Bowie gave them a name check on the sleeve of his 'Hunky Dory' LP.Their songs have been covered by among others; David Bowie, the Doctors of Madness, the Fall, Motorhead (Can you believe it?), Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Slaughter and the Dogs, Eater the Wasps and the Pink Fairies. And that's only 'I'm waiting for the man'. Likening groups to the Velvets has become the tiredest cliche in the annals of rock journalism. It's been used to describe groups as diverse as Wire, the Psychedelic Furs, the Monochrome Set, the Fall and the Banshees. There can be no doubt that the Velvets will continue to exert a posthumous influence on modern music for a long time to come. Their importance thus far should not be underestimated either in the experimental/creative field (as distinct from the field of consumer orientated commodity muzak)- or beyond. Such definitions have little precise meaning anyway- and the Velvets remain essential listening.....Pete Scott

Animal Sex Life

SEXIST SHIT OF A ANOTHER KIND

Cross-country bikers who travel cuntless usually discover that to leave one nagging problem behind simply leaves a throbbing one in front. Fortunately, America's farmlands provide an abundance of domestic livestock that can be exploited to reduce the swelling. The biker who uses such means may know he is practicing a tradition sufficiently ancient to have been denounced by Moses.

Unfortunately, sex manuals neglect this dimension of sexual practice. They tell how it's done in a dozen countries, of acrobatic positions, of how to use cunt juice as a sauce for roast squab, but tell nothing of shagging animals. The following treatise may well be the first of its kind. Hopefully, this pioneer work will stimulate public discussion of animal-fucking. Perhaps someone will initiate a monthly journal devoted thereto, complete with centerfolds, advertisements for helpful apparatus, and a question-answer column (which the author hereof, being the only one qualified, volunteers to write). Further, the author recognized in rural architecture. As long as milkmaids did the milking, it was done in the open, the cow being kept in place by a bucket of eating goodies. With the development of large dairies, men took over and the barns built to shelter milking were cleverly contrived to assist cow-screwing.

The cow was headed into a stall, its head locked in a stanchion, and hobbles added according to the disposition of the cow and the agility of the cow-shagger. Posts ran up to support the roof at the cow-ass end of the stall, these posts being connected by horizontal 2x4s. The 2x4 presumably provided a place from which to hang milk buckets, stools, hobbles, and so on, but was, of course, carefully placed for cow-shagging, its height indicating the favored technique. If about a foot above a man's reach, the cow-fucker leapt up, hung from the 2x4, and swung in to hook his heels in the cow's flanks, from which position he could achieve suitable intromiss[illegible] gulating the stroke with his [illegible]

Were the 2x[illegible] ightly above a flabby, lard-loaded, ass-drooping fat woman; that is, hopelessly loose, ill-defined, and unresponsive, like screwing a plastic bag of warm Jello. Calves are some improvement, but their common diarrhea-like ailment known as "scours" renders them totally unfit. Yearlings are best, like median-age women, less full of shit but not yet become vindictive. As a final note, the beef breeds, Angus and Hereford, are most tractable. Of dairy breeds, Shorthorn and Brown Swiss are preferred to Holsteins, which are especially likely to shit, and to Jerseys, which are just too damn nervous.

Horses are better than cows. Like some women, if you can get close enough to talk to them, you can probably screw them. Also, like women who must be taken to dinner or who get hot giving head, they can be seduced by edibles, preferably raisins. Sugar cubes are used only in kids' stories. A horse will stand still to be fucked, but won't tolerate any messing with its tail or feet. Hence, cow technique will not work, and a horse-fucker must have some-

FOR YA=SHOULD INTERT SHEAD BY THE IG.
CENTRE PAGE SPREAD BY THE IG.

THE CRA
ONCE YOU'VE CAUGHT THEM

MPS
YOU CAN'T GET RID of THEM!

SEARCH AND DESTROY

IGGY TOUR 81 — STEVE STUDD

Thursday 2nd July - my birthday and the start of what now seems to be a really event, an Iggy Pop tour of the UK. This began to prove well another album, 'Party' on Arista records. Without having heard the new album, Sue, Moira, Dave and myself began towards Leeds for the first date at the University. It's a long hitch there (except for Sue and Dave, as we go in pairs and they get the lift of the first city, typical, especially with Sue's blue, green, purple hair!)

Eventually we meet up at the University and go in to the main hall, where we leave our bags and head for the nearest pub. After receiving a frosty reception from the thick Yorkshire landlord, we get a similar response from the suspicious students. A friendly roadie saves us and tells us that the band will be arriving at about 7.30, over an hours time. We go down stairs to feed some video machines with 10p's.

After a while the support band TELEPHONE arrive. Sue successfully practises her french on them and they put us on the guest list. We meet an old friend, Danny Boyle and arrange to meet him in the Coburg later. When we get there we're told "We dont serve punks." Someone replies "That's alright we dont drink them." Some birthday this is going to be.

[illegible] we trundled off somewhere else and my luck changes when I run into Zoff, Lucy, Johnno and Sarah and acquire some birthday drinks. Back at the University we meet a few more old faces, Sue, Stuart and Craig which means more drinks then it's back to the hall. [illegible] have played their set and Iggy's intro music is playing. When the band burst straight into 'Search and Destroy', although not this being the 'world's forgotten boy' nowadays. Among the set are old favourites 'Raw power', 'Penetration', 'Gimme Danger' with songs from the 'Party' album, [illegible] on plate, 'Rock'n'Roll' and 'Penetration', [illegible] set [illegible] because it's the first but it's still packed with energy.

[illegible] head towards the [illegible] where the band [illegible]. The Warehouse is [illegible] the manager's [illegible] and there are no [illegible] we relax upstairs [illegible] stage area [illegible] a little [illegible] after [illegible] MERC have played. They're an original band; [illegible] voice, guitar, bass and drum machine, very H.M.'ish but they do an excellent version of '[illegible]

After they've played it's back upstairs for a chat with the Iggy's crew. Zoff does a swop, he gives Iggy his leather for the tour in exchange for 4 free tickets in London, where he'll get his leather back. Iggy tells us to see him before each gig and he'll get us in. At about 2 O'Clock everyone is chucked out. Iggy nicks a poster off the wall and nearly has a fight with some bloke who complains. Then everyone makes their way back to the hotel, and the least said about what happened between Lucy and Zoff the better. Anyway at about 5 in the morning Zoff takes me back to his flat. Moira and I leave at about 9 and this time we get a lift straight back to Chester.

Sat. 4th July - Independance day - After work Moira and I make our way to Manchester Appello. The band have'nt arrived, so the pub next door is given a visit, until they show. When they do, Dougie the drummer gets us in. There's a rather large presence of bow-tied gents. We see two people from Leeds who are doing the tour, Paul from M/Chester and Donald from Chelmsford. We arrange to meet at Liverpool. Again we miss TELEPHONE. At about 10.3' Iggy's intro music starts up, a blaze of lights and then into 'Search and Destroy'. Zoff's leather jacket appears complete with Iggy lose on the back and the man himself inside. Iggy leaps about the stage, trips on the speaker and jumps on the drums. A real independance day treat. He does the old songs and the new and for a special treat 'Cock in my pocket'. Microphone and stand go flying into the audience- it's all happening tonight. 'The Passenger' the only disappointment- poor him- but the audience, who go wild and do well rehearsed dances. Encore but Iggy makes up new lyrics about the exit sign, nuff said. In 'Gloria' he leaps into the audience and works over the seats- "Dont hand me the gear!" he retorts when some heckler shouts "Give a grope. When the [illegible] the crowd [illegible] "More!" - and there [illegible] encore. He doesn't want to [illegible] 'Search and Destroy' again, old songs galore [illegible] finally another encore 'Louie Louie'. At around he finishes and everyone leaves. I cant wait for the next gig at Liverpool.

Tues 7th July - Liverpool Royal Court. Arrive at about 4 to interview TELEPHONE but they dont show till 5.30 - there was police hold ups- they're rioting in Toxteth. There's a really strong police presence in town, you cant walk round a street corner without meeting a group of them and van loads are razzing about the streets.

Earlier I had met up with Paul and Donald and we had gone round town to find Boxhead and Nick. When TELEPHONE do arrive they put us all on the guest list, then we head for the Grapes in search of Robbie. Back at the Royal Court there is a tense atmosphere. But Iggy is as full of energy as ever. When halfway thru' they leave, Iggy comes back to jeers. The police have told them to go off because of the riots, they want every one to leave early to get the last buses and trains. There are more jeers and confusion - "Fuck off, you're [illegible] your mouths, pricks," he shouts back. "Never would we let you down - never." However Iggy does 3 or 4 more numbers including 'Louie Louie'. When he leaves he promises to do a free concert next time. Outside everyone is annoyed - there are jeers at the police as they tries to disperse everybody. TELEPHONE come out and direct us to the Central hotel. When we get there we take a beer line for the bar. Jean-Louis and Corrine [illegible] and I fix up an interview for later on. Iggy and his group arrive. We exchange hellos. Then I interview Telephone as well as I can due to the language barrier. Then I fix one up with Iggy. I did his interview or what I could, as he's very annoyed - he says the management at the Royal Court botched it up for him - they wouldn't give him a soundcheck - no food laid on and no drink as they said in the contract - so the interview does not go too well. After it he buys me a drink and go over to talk to Donald. It's about 2 in the morning now and the bar hasn't closed. The roadies arrive with groupies - Iggy tells them all to fuck off including the roadies. At about 2.30 everybody goes to bed except Iggy who goes for a meal and Jean-Louis and Dogie who stay for a chat. JL speaks almost perfect English and we talk for hours - till after the bar closes. At 5.30 the cleaners come around when we leave. Jean-Louis gives us his room and he goes to Corrine's room (I don't know why!). The room is facing the station and the noise is terrible, but I sleep till after 12. We finally leave the hotel at 1, Iggy's entourage have already left, so we arrange to meet Telephone at the next gig and head for Chester to get some Money and clothes. Donald and Paul get the national coach to Sheffield (poor sods). On the way home I play back the interviews and they haven't come out. Sorry Tom.....

Fri. 8th July. Sheffield Poly - Yet another student full place. I feel apprehensive about this gig. I wonder whether Iggy should give up touring and quit whilst he's still on top, or shoul he carry on as he still brings enjoyment to so many people... or should I resort getting drunk and being philisophical - the latter I think. Another warm night in sunny Sheffield. This gig turned out just as I expected - stale - mainly due to a shit audience. That's all I can say about sheffield as nothing really exciting happened and I missed Telephone again.

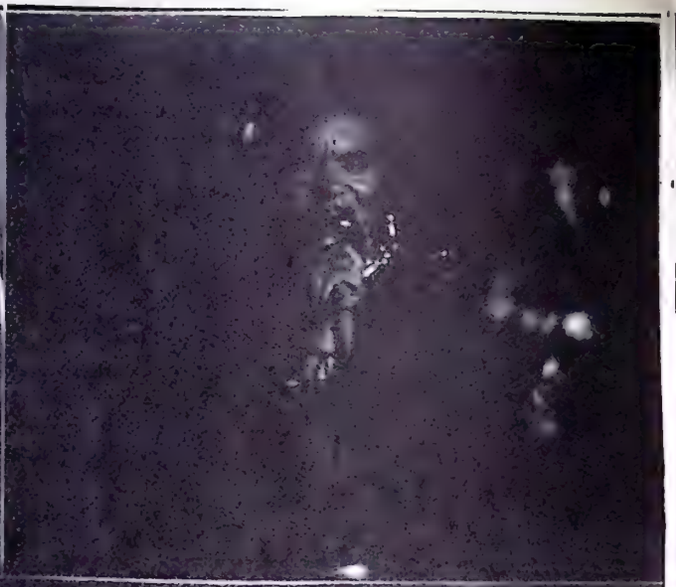
Thurs. 9th July - Nottingham Rock City - My first visit to Rock City - a large hypo disco not too bad I 'spose. When I arrive they are sound checking. Nobody I know is coming to this one and I start to think about where I con kip, hopefully in a hotel again. Dougie from Iggy's band invites me back to the hotel for tea. The hotel is rather strict on security, everyone is checked when they enter the lobby. After tea everyone retires to the bar and a lot of alcohol is consumed. Iggy appears to be getting drunk, it should be a good gig. When we get to Rock City (or as Iggy called it "Blackpool"). There is some hassle getting me in as I am not on the guest list and according to the doorman I'm not with the group. Iggy soves the problem by telling them I'm a backing vocalist, so they apologize. Imagine me as a backing vocalist....what a joke. Again I've missed Telephone and I really wanted to see them as they are really helpful and generous people. When Iggy hits the stage "search and destroy" goes well but soon after he is struck by a glass and after that he spent the whole gig with his arms crossed and consequently there was none of his usual leaping around. So the gig ended up as quite a flop. Afterwards I made my way home to Chester, mainly so I could sober up on the way, and get ready for the next gig on Saturday.

Sat. 11th July - London Rainbow - When I arrived in London, I hoped and prayed that Straight Music weren't promoting the gig I got into London at about 11 a.m. starving so I headed straight towards the nearest MacDonalds. The rest of the day I spent in Kensington market, Portobello Road and various licensed hostelries. I eventually make my way to the Rainbow still dreading getting past the straight music heavies if they were doing the gig. The Rainbow is a bit of a bastion even without them adding to the hazards of getting in. By now I'm not feeling very hungry but with 11p on me there is not a lot I can buy anyway, except an orange, that will have to suffice. When I get to the rainbow the stage door is open and Telephone are soundchecking so I sneak in to meet them. I'm told I'm on the guest list plus Moira, Sue and Dave who aren't coming down. So I ring up the almost legendary Pete Vague and tell him to meet me in the pub opposite with the friends. Inside the hall is Frank from Ipswich but no sign of Donald Paul or Zoff. Iggy's group arrive, Iggyless. Dougie tells me he is at the bar in the hotel anything himself up for tonight. I'm also informed that there's a party at the hotel after the gig and to meet backstage after the gig. At about 8C' clock I make my way over to the pub and surprize surprise, I bump into Zoff, Lucy and Sarah. Iggy had actually remembered as they had their front of house passes. Also in the pub is an old friend from Chester who has moved to London. Tonight looks like being a good one. After a few pints Pete Vague, Mick and Theresa enter, more drinks are bought as we talk about old times. I head over to the rainbow first to get our passes. In the envolopes are four front of house passes and four backstage passes - excellent. Good to see straight music aren't promoting. Back over to the pub again, which by this time is empty Zoff etc. go over to the rainbow but Pete, Mick, Theresa and myself stay. By this time I'm not really concerned whether I miss the gig or not, As I'm tired, hungry and very merry. Put we eventually head over there. We sit by the fountain whilst Mick goes to the bar. When he brought it back I can honestly say it was the worst lager I have ever tasted, even worse than Eric's lager. There is suddenly a rush for the hall. I can hear "search and destroy", we finish our drinks and head inside. I've missed Telephone again, no chance of seeing them again on this tour, oh well perhaps it was meant to be this way. Pete and I scrounge fags off some of his mates. The gig lacks something, maybe it's audience participation, as Iggy feeds off the audience. Or is it the band, I dont know. Tonight he does an excellent version of "Gloria" but "The Passenger" is again ruined by well rehearsed dances by people with their trousers tucked in football socks, but maybe I'm just biased. The set is short but the encore makes up for that. When Iggy leaves the stage he shouts out "I LIVE FOR THE GLORY OF LIFE"

After the gig Pete offers to put me up and I invite him to the party, but he has to get home. I make my way round to the stage door where I see Sarah, Johnoless. Apparently he's disappeared. Zoff and Lucy are also there so I get them backstage and to the backstage bar. After about an hour of socialising, Iggy takes me to the coach, by now I'm feeling really rough and wondering what the fuck I'm doing in London with no money - it's no fun really. We manage to get on the coach. 'Warriors' is on the video. Iggy and his group start banging glasses and shouting "Warriors come out to play" I'm feeling really rough now. The coach appears to be taking hours to get to the hotel. When we get there, I'm woken up by Iggy, who asks if I'm alright. I explain to him that I have'nt eaten, so he provides a meal. Inside the 'Party' is really swinging. I'm brought a couple of drinks, which do me no good at all, as the hotel porter will have found out the next day. It was a plush hotel in Kensington with red carpets on the steps with flowers down the sides. I manage to run out but I still throw up over the carpet. Then I went down a side-street and puked again. God I felt bad, until I got it all out of my system, then I felt fine. There were two girls in [illegible] - if you're reading this thanks for the drink and talk - hope you got your interview fixed up. The barman was a really grumpy fucker, the only good thing about him was that he kept disappearing and a few packets of fags vanished. When the bar eventually closed Iggy and his girlfriend said we could stay in his suite. I said my goodbyes to Telephone and they gave me their addresses and said I could stay with them in Paris. Then we headed upstairs for a few drinks. His rooms are really swish. Corinne came in and we said our long goodbyes. She was a really good friend on the tour.

Zoff Lucy and myself go into another room to put our heads down. At about 12 we were woken by Iggy who gave Zoff his leather back and thanked him for it. The next morning at breakfast we exchanged addresses and Iggy said I could stay in America with him if I ever go over there which I should on 1983. Afterwards Zoff, Lucy and myself leave, they go to find Johnno and Sarah and I head for home somehow at the end of an eventful tour.

I would like to thank Iggy, Dougie, Danny, TELEPHONE, Corinne, all friends on the tour and Tom for letting me try to write about the events of the tour. Now I suppose I had better listen to the new album, until Iggy comes over again next year.



SOME EXPLICIT SEX [illegible] AS [illegible] SUG. [illegible] OF THE [illegible] O'RIAN. [illegible] ALL GREAT GETTERS READY. [illegible] THIS IS PAGE 24!

FAN MAIL

(BOTH OF THESE LETTERS ARE FOR REAL, HONEST.)

Dear Tom,

when I got vague 9 (march I felt I must write to you about it, but I was'nt bothered until I read it just now. You make me sick. So 'Punk Rock's gone down the toilet'? I dont think so and nor do a hell of a lot of other people - you obviously have'nt heard of bands like Discharge, (Yeehee) theatre of Hate, the Wall, etc. I could go on for ages. The only 'punk' band you feature are the Damned. Jesus, I've just listened to a tape of theirs and it's about the worst noise I've ever heard in my life - it's not punk it's just heavy metal thrash

You said 'If you prefer Crass interviews, write and tell me why, well, I like Crass and I like Crass interviews ' cos they're got something to say and dont write stupid articles like 'Lenny's Gran does'nt live in Salisbury' etc.

Then there's the BOW-WOW-WOW interview - not bad, but then there's the obvious bitch about the Ants, which I'll say more about about later

It also made me sick at your snobbish attitude towards ynder-16's. Yes, I'm under 16 (actually I'm 14) but does that mean I cant like BOW-WOW-WOW and can only like the Police and the Beat? You make out that only old people like you (you're 21 mate, and past it) can enjoy 'good' music.

Next issue is of course,'the Image is cracked' article, where you reflect on how good the Ants were, how much they meant to you and Adam' let us down which we've all heard before from Mick Mercer. You obviously cant stand a band that you like getting successful, which is a pity, because as Adam himself once said, "Surely success for Punk is no shame." Yes, his music has changed a great deal but that's better than doing the same old thing again and again like the Damned. You slag the Ants off cos they're on TOTP- Oh, I agree, it is an awful programme, but it is gradually getting better - PIL, Banshees, Altered Images, the Cure and Department S have all been on quite recently - and I reckon BOW-WOW-WOW will be on soon too, with a bit of luck. Will you like them then? Or will they be 'pop stars'and 'unhip' in the eyes of senile bores such as yourself. Programmes such as TOTP will be awful until good bands get on them.

I doubt if you'll reply to this, I doubt if you'll even read it, but I'm really past caring about people like you.

Juliette Hayes,
Ruislip Manor,
Middx.

REPLY: CHERIO JULIETTE, DO YOU WANT PORTION?

MORE ON BOOTLEGGING
(Anybody from BPI out there)

Dear Tom,

you prat just what do you think you' going printing my name and address saying I'm involved with the Ants Decca bootleg album. You're just a wanker. I've got nothing what so ever to do with this album, and if I dont get a written apology in the next issue I'll shall take this matter further, and I have got a solicitor so there.

You're so stupid anyway, you once loved all those songs and now you're afraid you lose your 'Oh so cool and hip ' image if you claim to like it. By the way I heard you say once that Chris Hughes production was great. You're so bloody stupid you make Mick Mercer look positively intelligent, but I must'nt get down to your immature level.

REPLY: HIYA! CARYNE, STUFF YOUR BOOTLEGS UP YOUR CUNT, IT'S ABOUT THE ONLY THING YOU'LL GET UP THERE ALTHOUGH YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET YOUR CASSETTE RECORDER UP THERE AS WELL

You've obviously never even seen the bloody album anyway as 'Hampstead' and 'Nietzche baby' (I can spell it too!) are'nt even on the album.

Well you pratt, as I've said if I dont get a written apology with no snidey comments in it, I can to get you done in any way I can.

CARYNE PEARCE,
48 ASHEAD HOUSE
BARTON HILL,
BRISTOL.

APOLOGIES!

A YOUNG PUNKS GUIDE TO THE BRITISH ISLES

AND THE TOWNS THEREIN

Aberystwyth: Faced with Hell. Yes it's the summer so pleasant. The winter. Get a train.

Bangor: Can be a lovely place. Bangor disco town. Only club to attend The Club. It doesn't open to anyone. There's about eighty of stairs. You've got twelve miles out of town to hitch into civilisation. So get a lift the outskirts.

Bournemouth: notable for WOODS, now rented a famous watering hole both Anarchy and Zerex tours. Careful you don't go into any gig pubs though. Plymouth is easiest to hitch out of, get a coach to the Tamar bridge or London roundabout.

Cardiff: not particulary friendly. Rough Routes use to be good. There's one or two good squats but... Once you get out to the Medda services you should be right for a lift.

Bristol: Avoid at all costs. Very friendly. If you must go there, Stand Barton Hill and St. Pauls Rough Clifton's no bad.

There's a squat by the bus station Bristol goes on for miles, it's difficult to get onto the motorway. The Locarno is a dive. If you go to Bristol you've only got yourself to blame.

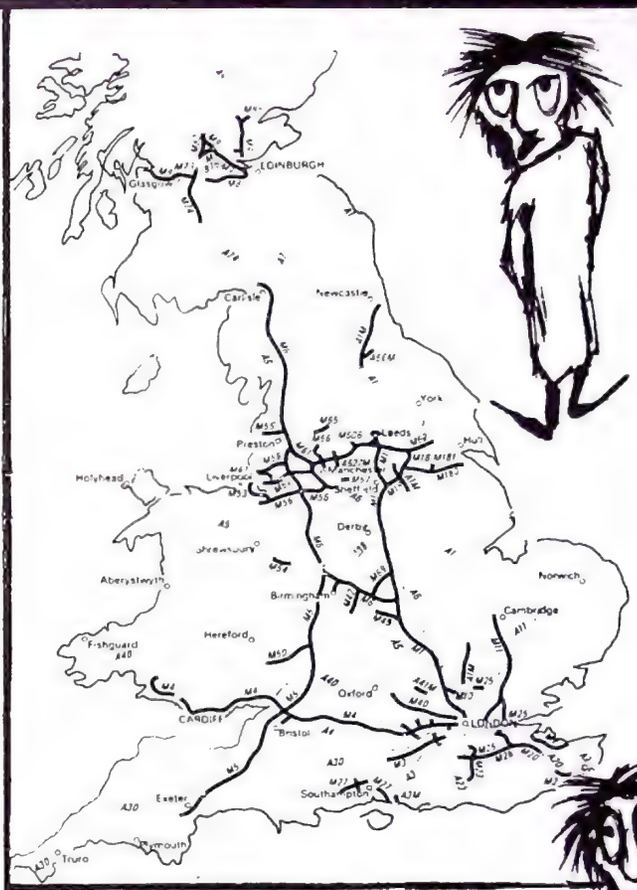
Exeter: About the best you'll get. Lots of hippys who will put you up. Not too hot on venues though but they're a bit tight on the lifts.

Falmouth: Very trendy co[illegible], nothing of interest here that I've left. Although I can't think of any reason to go to Falmouth its quite easy to get off.

Southampton: Shit hole, if you go there you'll never get out of it. Don't even try to just pass through it.

Swansea: Another hole, its full of hippys and difficult for hitching.

Brighton: I quite like Brighton with lot of good clubs and not as [illegible] as it's made out to be. Quite easy to hitch back to London as well.



London: Can be quite fun but not much fun to hitch out of. If you're going north go to Stanley corner that's obvious. If you're going west go to Sunbury or Gunnersbury. Always take the tube for as far as you can and only pay 20p at both ends. (We'll tell you how to bunk the tube next time).

Birmingham: Fucking impossible to hitch out of. Can't help you there.

Norwich - Lincoln - Ipswich - Nottingham: All difficult to hitch out of you've got to walk for miles before you find a decent place to hitch from.

Manchester: Can be a good laugh if you know some people there but even then watch out for the perrys or any young chap with a baseball bat. All these northern places are difficult to hitch out of so get a bus to the nearest motorway.

Liverpool: Really great place even though Bradys has shut down now, so long as you keep on the right side of the club bosses and you're not a woollyback. Quite convenient for the M6 as well. Preston, Blackpool and Bolton are all conveniently near to the M6, which is really good for hitching down via the services.

Leeds - Bradford - York: are all quite fun if you can put up with the Yorkshire accent. They are conveniently placed for the M1, for which the same applies for the M6.

Newcastle: Although it looks depressing the Geordies are next only to Scouses in their hospitality. It's places like Middlesborough and Huddersfield that you've got to watch yourself. The small places are often the heaviest. Nonetheless Newcastle is a bastard to hitch out of.

Scotland: most people will tell you that the further north you go the more chance you've got of getting a lift. As far as hitching goes the myth about the Scots generosity is bollocks. Edinburgh and Glasgow although opposite in some respects, I've always found both equally hospitable. In fact the Scotts find English people quite a novelty. Well wouldn't you get fed up if everybody talked like Billy Connolly.

Wales: I've never found much of a welcome in the valleys. Every time the Ants played Wales somebody would get beaten up, usually me. Nowadays the welsh are into rucking as well as rugby and singing. Especially avoid Newport stowaways, Swansea Circles and Port Talbot troubadour. If you should find yourself in wales just get to Aust services on the Severn bridge any way you can.

BASICS

1. Don't do it. The majority of people are arseholes, so if at all possible ponce a lift or bunk the train.
2. If you must, go in pairs. Three is too many, but two is alright. If someone's going to pick you up they won't bother too much if there's two, at least it shows you've got a friend so you can't be that weird, and it stops you going mad.
3. Don't take too much gear, obviously, but prefrably have a holdall and display it well. It shows you're in business.
4. Always knock up a sign saying where you wish to go, e.g:

   LEEDS PLEASE

   "PLEASE" is essential that sometimes does the trick. A sign shows you're not just going up the road and somebody could be going to the same place and might fall for it.
5. You've got to sell yourself. It doesn't really matter if you're completely straight or mucho strange, most of the arseholes wouldn't pick you up if you had a pin-striped suit on. Try to look as amiable as possible. Make an effort to look interesting no matter how boring you really are. The only thing that get you anywhere in this game is your wits and personality.
6. Equipment: Graffiti pen, so you can write which tour you are on and "fuck off Tom" if you're by a sign I've done, - invaluable. For finding venues, fucking ask someone, do you want me to tie your shoelaces for you? Coat, gloves and pad for writing signs.
7. You've got to be confident. That's half the battle Mind over matter and all that. If you really believe you'll get a lift you usually will.
8. When you eventually get a lift, your troubles aren't over. They've only just begun. I don't mean getting accosted by gay lorry drivers, but making conversation with some boring ladies underwear salesman, clients have been known to chuck hitch-hikers out if they don't talk much.
9. Motorways - obvious one - dont go past the second sign with the "no pedestrians" bit on it or they'll do you for about £30 now, I think. Don't even get dropped on a motorway, they'll still do you even if you've landed from Mars.
10. Service Stations - ideal in the daytime but at night they're traps, best to stay on the open road if at all possible. However, you can at least go up to people and ask for a lift it's really difficult for them to refuse.

Happy hitching

TRYING TO GET A-HEAD.

Warminster Community centre, hardly the centre of the universe, true, but on a Saturday afternoon, the Games room (Usually reserved for table tennis and other such activities) is transformed into a mass of leather jackets coupled with plenty of naughty language and even naughtier smells.

For here, from about 11AM you can witness about 2 or 3 new punk bands practising, among other things, in a rather loud and uncompromising manner. To be perfectly honest the experience is not a particularly pleasant one, simply because most of these bands seem to have stagnated somewhere between early Subs and Motorhead on a bad day.

However, one band who frequen the place in the afternoon, have something more to offer, a lot more infact. The A-Heads have taken up-tempo Penetration like riffs and added harmonious and well attuned vocals. In fact they are very much like early Penetration, although it would be unfair to say they have simply adopted this sound without adding, or putting some of their own imaginative ideas into it.

The A-Heads are;

MEL: VOX
ANDY (JOCK) McCURDY: GUITAR
NIGEL JOHNSON: BASS
ANDY GALE: DRUMS

If you go on first appearances you would probably think they are masquerading as just another Oi band, jumping on the bandwagon. But if you take the time to actually sit down and listen to them, you will find, I'm sure, a more solid form of music, which quite honestly leaves their counterparts standing....no, running backwards.

Anyway the band got themselves together (in more ways than one) so we could do the following interview;

YOULD IT BE FAIR COMMENT TO SAY YOUR STYLE OF MUSIC DOES SOMEWHAT RESEMBLE THAT OF PENETRATIO: IF SO IS THIS INTENTIONAL?

NIGEL:'Well, yes and no. I think that some of the music does but not the vocals.'

MEL:'I think maybe we sound more like them vocally than musically, but either way it's not intentional. Other people have said we sound a bit like early Penetration.'

JOCK:'It's better than sounding like Vice Squad I 'spose, but we are aiming at a sound of our own.'

PIC:- MEL A-HEAD.

YOU OBVIOUSLY WANT A STYLE THAT DOES'NT CONFINE YOU TO BASIC PUNK BUT YOUR APPEARANCE AND NAME DOES SUGGEST SOMETHING ALONG THE LINES OF CRASS.

JOCK:'We got the name off a defunct German band.'

NIGEL:'Politics does'nt really come into it, although a couple of our songs are that way inclined. 'No Rule' is a constructive criticism of government policies and we've got another one about N.Ireland.'

JOCK:'Our songs are social comments, particularly our immense dislike of glue sniffing. As for our appearance, we're not an Oi band, we want to progress. We've been wearing these clothes for years....not these exact clothes of course. We think Oi bands are thick and stupid.'

YOUR OPPINIONS SEEM TO DIFFER A LOT. HOW DID YOU COME TO BE IN A BAND TOGETHER?

NIGEL:'Well, we were in the back of Withie's car at the time (You were lucky. Ed.) and I asked Jock if he was interested in forming a band. A couple of weeks later Mel came round to see us practise, liked what she heard and joined. I had been in bands before but they all failed for one reason or another (Usually cos' of bad drummers, teehee. Ed.) Actually we all have similar ideas.'

CLICHED INTERVIEW QUESTION TIME: MUSICAL INFLUENCES?

- They all finally agreed that they are most influenced by the Ruts. Not a bad start I 'spose.
- We talk for a while about the demo they have recently recorded.

JOCK:'We are not entirely pleased with it, because somewhere between laying the backing track and mixing the guitar sound got messed up.'

NIGEL:'Still, it was our first time in the studio, next time it will be a lot better because we'll know what we're supposed to be doing...'

WHY DID YOU DO THE DEMO?

MEL:'So we had our stuff down on tape, also it might help us get gigs, if we have a tape people can listen to.'

ARE THERE ANY RECORD COMPANIES INTERESTED IN THE DEMO YET?

NIGEL:'Well,we're meant to be doing a track on Alan Partner's TW Records' compilation LP and he should be releasing a single as well.'

- We talk for awhile about likes and dislikes; Mel dislikes glue sniffing, coucil grants, trendies or trendy music. Jock does'nt like the man who lives opposite him that has an alsatian He does not like the Exploited either. Nigel does'nt like much.
- I ask them about the gigs they have done.

NIGEL:'Well, actually we've only done the one supporting the Silent Guests at the Warminster Regal. We got quite a good reception even though that silly old fucker Roland Smart (Regal manager) did not give us a soundcheck.'

-After the usual argument about Crass, we decide that we've covered all the significant areas and some insignificant ones. (Hello, Withie!)

-So if you're looking for an up and coming band to play in your area, write to Vague and we'll put you in touch with the A-HEADS. Common sense will prevail.....
.....THE INVISIBLE MAN (Who is really Puddle, star of stage, screen and girl's school).....

FOR ARGUMENT'S SAKE....

There could be good news for all you Program fans out there and I'm not talking about the rather dodgy combo fronted now by bass player Kitch, that are drumming up absolutely zilch response, so little in fact that I cant even remember their name...yes I can it's 'Lovers and other strangers' or something.

Since Paul VTrippier the lead singer left earlier this year after the disastrous Vague revue and nearly as disastrous Vague benefits, the once potentially great band faded into obscurity. However that's not what all the fuss of this paragraph is about. Paul did'nt dwell on what could have been but teamed up with old colleague and 'Miracle surgeon' Nick Snell, calling themselves the ARGUMENT. Together they cut an interesting demo 'the fist and the womb'. At present they're in search of other like minded musical types and hard at work on ideas as far away from R'n'R as possible (Or are they?) Watch this space.....'OL.

ATTRITION

INFORMATION #5
RESUMÉ. SLIDE SHOW

ATTRITION came together in the summer of 1980 and consisted then of...Martin - voice, Chris - guitar, Robbo - drums, Julia - bass. It was a first band for everyone and became more serious as it progressed. The first gigs were in December: soon Chris was replaced by Ashley on synth and Julia began to sing on some songs while Martin played bass. The band played mainly in their home town of Coventry, but have visited most of the midlands, including...Birmingham, Northampton, Nottingham, Rugby, Hereford, Stratford, Leamington, Nuneaton etc. There have been around 30 gigs so far.

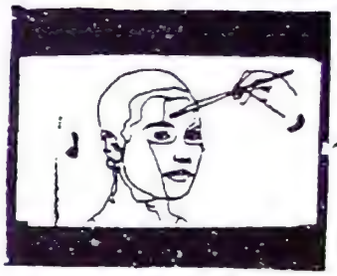
Musically, ATTRITION have been influenced by bands like the Banshees, Cabaret Voltaire, PIL, Joy Division, Fall and more but are carving out their own individual identity through constantly re-assessing and changing. Lyrically, Martin and Julia write about real life, things that affect them or move them, for example...feminism, alienation, escapism, sanity, the slaughter of animals...Titles include - "Screaming Room ","Stiletto", "Hours and Hours","Twisted","Fear","Devoid", etc, etc,

After almost a year of gigs and recording the band has recently changed direction, resulting in a significant line up change in that the drummer has gone and has been replaced by a programmable rhythm box. Also, to tie in more visual impact and help illustrate the songs a slide sequence has been prepared and is shown by Alan at all gigs.

Recordings released by the old line up were...i) FACET I - cassette compilation album, featuring 3 ATTRITION songs, "Screaming Room","Possessed","Alter Ego" (A.S. Tapes - now deleted)...ii)ATTRITION - live at the Star club. C30. 8 songs. £1 including postage (A.S. Tapes, available from us)...iii)BITS - compilation cassette album featuring 1 ATTRITION song, "Fear", £1 plus large SAE from 91 Swansea Rd, Reading (X-Cassettes).

Over Sept/Oct the band had a break from live work in order to write new songs and rework old ones with rhythm box. Julia and Martin now both sing half the set each. They have also recently acquired their own 4-track portastudio and are recording all their songs for use as demos/cassette releases etc. The first product of this is 2 tracks ("Tomb"+ "Hours and Hours") on the "Adventures in Reality" cassette compilation, out by the end of the year. They will also be releasing a 4 track demo tape ("Demonstro") early in the new year, plus 2 tracks on a "New Crimes" compilation tape and, most importantly, a 2 track flexi disc with "Adventures in Reality" issue J - out in Feb. 1982.

ATTRITION is a band fully committed to it's future. We plan to release a lot more recordings and play a lot more places.



These information sheets are produced every so often with news of gigs/cassette and record releases/ information/lyrics/photos, etc. If you want to know more about the band send an SAE to ATTRITION, c/o 143 Moat Avenue, Coventry, CV3 6BW. or phone Martin on 0203-410296.

NOV. '81.

eddie & sunshine

EDDIE AND SUNSHINE: 'Times are hard (What else is new?)

For a number of reasons the group GLORIA MUNDI never meant too much as a commercial proposition. They were always a pretty esoteric taste. In fact there were times when their music almost defied you to listen. I first saw them in mid-78 at the Limit Club in Sheffield. It was a real encounter with the unknown. Their over all style seemed almost familiar- a harsh and uncompromising variation on the basic rhythm field established by Ultravox! But their onstage manner was like nothing I'd ever seen before- very contrived and theatrical but often very effective. I was impressed by their professionalism, but by the depth and implications of their music, especially songs like 'I, Individual' and 'Condemned to be free'.

"Condemned to be free/ Condemned to be free/ I answer only to myself / And only I can shoulder the responsibility..."

Gloria Mundi played their first live gig in the latter part of 1976 and signed a five-year contract with RCA (for a figure as small as £5,000 according to one source) a year later. They released two albums, neither of which need concern us here (good though they are) and toured sporadically. Despite the quality of their music they never caught on in a big way, and when they finally broke up at the end of the '70's, very few people noticed let alone cared.

Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patteson, formerly the leading lights behind the Gloria Mundi set-up, recently began to play live dates again, after spending well over a year in the Phantom Zone. Their backing band consists solely of a Revox tape recorder, though they add occasional live guitar and keyboards themselves. Their current act bears little resemblance to their work with GM. In the old days they came on like a couple of strung-out urban guerillas. Nowadays they dress in smart evening clothes and make use of a number of props, including a hatstand, an umbrella, a telephone hook-up and a couple of fake wine glasses (the kind you can buy in any novelty shop.) Their taped, synthesized music lacks intensity but makes up for it in

to it as 'modern cabaret' - an accurate description. Their songs are sweetly seductive, subtly subversive. They take a lot of adjusting to, but the effort is worth it. 'Times are hard' and 'Man for sale' are among the most intriguing songs I've heard this year.

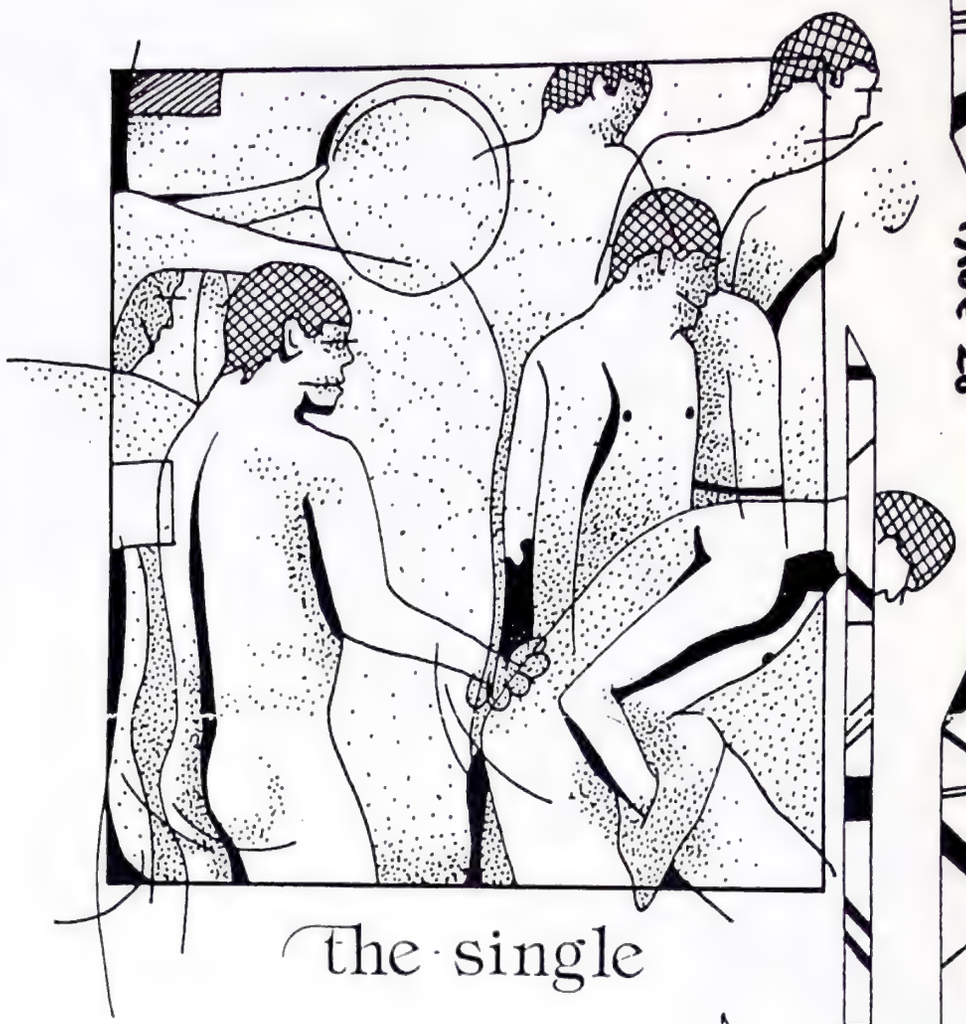
About halfway through 1981 Eddie and Sunshine toured as part of Big Dick Strango's Cabaret Futura roadshow. I spoke to Eddie at one of the dates, thus renewing an acquaintance that began almost 3 years ago. Unfortunately Eddie was suffering from a cold at the time. His performance suffered, but afterwards he was able to talk in a friendly fashion. He explained that his current act with Sunshine evolved out of a gig they did at a private party around the turn of 1980. The decision to dress up in smart evening clothes was taken on the spur of the moment. It was only when people reacted favourably that they decided to stick with it.

I must admit that I have my reservations about the direction Eddie is pursuing these days. It may be a kind of inverted snobbery on my part, but I'm naturally suspicious of people who go around in suits, bow ties and Homburg hats. I much preferred Eddie when he was trying to establish himself as rock's number one cartoon existentialist - a sort of Jean-Paul Sartre of the post punk set. My mate Dave Case used to be wild about Gloria Mundi. He even published a one-off magazine about them - 'Twentieth century Athiests'. "Gloria Mundi used to begin their sets with a cry of 'This isn't punk, this is Gloria Mundi!'" he wrote. "But can you name a more obvious 'punk' than Eddie? Something new, something feared...." No one could possibly refer to the Eddie of today as 'something new, something feared..' Not by any stretch of the imagination.

Eddie denied that the work he and Sunshine are doing now differs thematically from their work with Gloria Mundi. I've since examined the lyrics to a number of their songs and I can see what he was getting at. Here's an excerpt from 'Times are hard':

" Times are hard; what else is new?/Hand to mouth day in day out/ Prison guard, is that you?/Lock the door, dont let me out/ I was

BLAUE · REITER



the · single

·Where He Stands·

·The Man Who Spoke·

Roz 1.©1981.

Orifice Records.

CONTACT: BARI GODDARD, 142 GARTH AVENUE, GL[illegible]

to Kings/ I worked behind the counter in contemporary furnishings..."

Or how about these lines taken from 'Man for sale'?

"roothless tiger, native law, from the Nile to County hall/ Spears and bullets pierce the silence, ask your favourite god for guidance/Call a doctor, bring me some ale/ Start the bidding- man for sale/ Three crosses and nine long nails/ Was it worth it? Man for sale...."

In terms of style and subject matter, both songs are recognizably an extension of what Eddie and Sunshine were doing with Gloria Mundi. It's only in term of presentation that they differ.

A little later Eddie presented me with a copy of 'Lines', the first single to come out of the new partnership between him and Sunshine. "It's our best cover yet," he enthuses. "We designed it ourselves and they've done it exactly as we wanted it, so we're pleased about that." 'Lines' its self is a bit of a gimmick - a novelty song partly sung in French. I find myself wondering why they released it; it's not by any means their best number. It's out on the Human label - serial no. HUM 9. Check it out for yourself.

By all accounts Human Records are already planning a follow-up to 'Lines' and if all goes well there's talk of an album. Things would appear to be looking up for Eddie and Sunshine.

After the show, at about 2 AM, I went back to the hotel with Eddie, Sunshine and the rest of the Cab. Futura roadshow. It was interesting to note that whereas comedienne Diedre Simpson, the members of Strange's band and the fringe theatre loonies the Event group, and various helpers hung around in the bar for ages afterwards, boozing, playing pool and telling tall stories, Eddie and Sunshine put in only a token appearance before disappearing upstairs. They're still not part of the rock'n'roll treadmill.....

.....PETE SCOTT.....

look back in anger

L.to.R:Mich Ebeling-vox, Steve Butler-bass, Jim Newby-guitar, Gary Hawkins-drums (Recently departed.)

Hiya kiddies, uncle Tom here again, with a new bunch of popsters for your enjoyment. They hail from Pompey, that has so far produced little more than bad footballers and loud mouthed matlows. However if my intuition is correct, all that is soon to change. After all I was the one that predicted Program, God's Toys, Animals and men and Our daughter's wedding would be big....

No seriously, even with no backing them, this lot have got all the signs of becoming a force to reckon with in the pop world. I'm sure you're all thinking 'How does the great one do it?' Well as my popularity increases I get more and more tapes and records piling into Vague mansions. Quite honestly most of them are crap and it's an effort to even play them most of the time.

One day I gets this cheaply packaged indie single by this mob calling themselves 'LOOK BACK IN ANGER' and a nice letter from their guitarist, Jim Newby. I've got nothing else to do so I stick it on the old turntable, for my conscience sake more than anything.

I'm quite surprised when I discover that I actually like it. Their sound's got a distant Orchy manoeuvres quality to it (Did I ever tell you I passed out in their mixing room once?) which contrasts excellently with Mich's venomous biting vocals. I prefer 'Caprice' but everyone else seems to like 'Mannequin'. It's a double

Amside y'know.

Girl vocalists are becoming a bit of a cliche nowadays, but although I have'nt seen LBA yet, I believe Mich is just the best singer for their sound, like Sioux, Poly and Pauline used to be for their respective bands.

From what I've said you're probably imagining a pop band in the mould of Altered Images, Orchies, etc, but LBA have got their roots firmly in 'Punk'. They could progress either way. I hope it's a mixture of the two.

Of course in true vague style this praise is all on the strength of the single. But I honestly did try to interview them and that, but I got held up with the Grass interview. I hope to do something in ZIG-ZAG on them and hopefully vagrants should soon get a glimpse of them supporting the Silent Guests in Bath.

If you're from down south you should have seen them already 'cos over the last year they've been gigging regularly around Southampton and Portsmouth, setting up their own when gigs cant be found.

That still does'nt tell you much about them. For further info contact Jim, 'Glen Eyre', Brickyard Rd, Swanmore, Southampton, Hants, SO3 2PJ or ring Bishop Waltham 2623.

Silent Guests

There's three ways I could start this interview. I would go on about how it makes me sick when city bands moan about lack of gigs, etc, they should come from the heart of rural Wiltshire if they think they've got it hard. But I wouldn't like the Silent Guests to be labelled as country bumpkins. So I could start by saying how they've risen from the ashes of Moskow and Animals and men. But that's misleading as well because they are totally different than either of those bands. Or then again I could rave about them getting an album out independantly for £300 before they'd even done a gig!

No, I dont like any of those, so I'll start in the time honoured way; I've arranged to meet the band down my local. They're all old mates of mine and come from just up the road. On their arrival we decide to do the interview in the beergarden as the natives are becoming restless.

There's me one side of the table, with Wally- bass, Puddle- drums and Dave Cole- Guitar/Vocals opposite. Driver (?) Withie is swinging about in the trees. ('Ello Withie, didn't mean it 'onest, please let me come round and watch your video) Predictable question time;

WHY THE ALBUM AND SINGLE BEFORE ANY GIGS?

DAVE:'Basically, the material wasn't written in time to do any gigs and we wanted to do things the other way round, because with Moskow, we sweated our balls off doing gigs. When the time came round to make a record we were so fed up with playing the songs, like 'the Man from uncle' that they didn't come out the way we would have wanted. So with this band we've tried it in a different way, make records and then do gigs. We've got a bit of recognition with people interested in Moskow and Animals and men 'cos of Puddle. We were just lucky enough to get a deal. We would have done gigs if any had come along but it's difficult around here.'

WOULD YOU LIKE TO STAY INDEPENDANT?

DAVE:'We'd like to stay independant yeah, but I think distribution is more important than what label you're on. There's a lot of bands in the charts on Indies but they've got big distribution deals....'....A gust of wind blows the sunshade off the table. Hysterical laughter, mainly from Puddle. Interview struggles on with Withie cackling in the background....'There's a few people interested in distribution. I think it's a good idea starting out as an independant band, it's more fun for a start and it's nice to start from the bottom. If you dont get a hit single on a major, you're knackered.'

PIC: TIM MURPHY: FIRST GIG, WARMINSTER REGAL

PIC: TIM MURPHY: GEORGE'S BARBECUE.

WHAT VIEWS ARE YOU ON OTHER LOCAL BANDS?

DAVE:'There's only the Terraplanes (Animals and men) and the remnants of Moskow. They dont do much. The Terraplanes have got that single out. That's about it.'

I THOUGHT MOSKOW WAS MORE IMPORTANT TO YOU THAN THAT?

DAVE:'No, I was'nt very happy with them. People's attitudes in the band. They were so pretentious.

WALLY:'That showed as well, when people cant get on in a band, it shows in the music, which it did with us.'

DAVE:'With this band we're all old friends anyway, but with Moskow we were forced together, coming from a small town; there's not many musicians anyway.
It was Puddle's idea to start this band. I was going to join Animals and men and Wally was still with the guys in Moskow. We did have Boris as singer but he left (ahem)'

ARE YOU GOING TO STICK TO THE 3-PIECE?

PUDDLE:'Dont know really. I think it would be good to eventually get some keyboards in but there's nobody around here.'

DAVE:'I never intended doing vocals'

WALLY:'I never intended playing bass.'

DAVE:''Desperate measures', the single was the first time I ever sang lead vocals in the studio.'

DO YOU CONSIDER GETTING STUFF ON VINYL MORE IMPORTANT THAN GIGGING?

PUDDLE:'No, both the same really but we've got to go out and do gigs now. There's no problem doing the stuff live, it's not as if there's loads of overdubs and stuff. Gigs are important, more people judge you live than do on record.'

ANY PLANS TO TOUR?

PUDDLE:'Yeah obviously if we get the chance.'

AREN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT THE FIRST GIG? WONT PEOPLE EXPECT YOU TO BE SOMETHING SPECIAL WITH AN ALBUM OUT?

WALLY:'I'm nervous now.'

-(Laughter)-

DAVE:'It's gonna be the first time I've ever sung live on stage, obviously it helps playing guitar. I could'nt sing without a guitar.

WHAT'S THE CONCEPT BEHIND THE LP, 'IN MY SECRET GARDEN'?

DAVE:'Yeah, it's like most band's first albums, it takes you 2 or 3 albums to develop your own style. We've got a long way to go yet. There's a theme on the second side which is slightly more diverse than the first side, where we've got the more commercial stuff. We'll probably take the second single off the first side. But as far as the concepts concerned it's probably more musical than lyrical.'

ARE YOU HAPPY WITH IT?

DAVE:'We're pleased with it for the time we spent on it, but looking back on it we could have done much better.'

PUDDLE:'Everyone says that dont they.'

IS THIS A LOT TO DO WITH NOT HAVING ENOUGH MONEY OR TIME?

WALLY:'I think if you play around with too big a sum you lose something.'

PUDDLE:'Yeah, but it was getting like a job when we were coming out of the studio at 2 or 3 in the morning, going to work the next day and the same thing the next night. All of the tracks are first or second takes.'

ANY PARTICULAR REASON FOR THE TITLE?

WALLY:'Yeah, where did this name come from?'

PUDDLE:'I told ya. I was at work once (Chorus;'Yeah, once!') and looked in this office and there was 2 blokes waiting to see someone. They were just sitting there all embarassed and awkward...and I just thought 'Silent Guests'....'

The first gig, shortly after the interview (which you may recognise from Zig-Zag, tee-hee) at their home venue, Warminster Regal was a great success, the home crowd turned out in numbers to meet their local heroes.

After that the Guests played the reknowned 'George's barbecue' with George himself complementing them as 'the best local band he has seen in a long time.' this gig ended in uproar (see 'Vague News). Then with the album and single selling steadily, Notably abroad, they supported the Alarm Clox at Bath Tiffanys and made a few friends in the fair city.

The Guests should be supporting Wasted Youth and Crown of Thorns next year, with London dates to come and manager Alan Partner (Apologies for previous vague slaggings Al) is arranging tours of Norway, Holland and even the states. This is'nt as far fetched as it may seem. Small bands can make a fortune playing music starved european countries. Check it out, up and coming popsters. For further details contact Alan Partner, 15 Church Lane, Melksham, Wilts, (0225)705-514.

THE GUESTS ARE ARRIVING.....TOM.

PIC: TIM: WALLY + DAVE AT BARBECUE.

PIC: TIM: WALLY, PUD (OBSCURED), DAVE ON STAGE, BORIS, YOURS TRULY + PETE L, LIGGING STAGE LEFT.

THE NOISE! THE JAZZ!

NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE-

Who is the new Mesiah of Rock 'n' Roll? In 1977 it was Strummer and in 1980 it was Adam Ant, or so the media said. So who's gonna lead the masses from the wilderness in dismal '81? Is it gonna be the Stray Cats, Polecats or up your arse cats?

As far as I'm concerned there's never been a Mesiah of Rock 'n' Roll. Some musicians have demanded respect. Some even achieved it, but today there's only a handful of musicians who warrant my respect. These musicians/bands are a rare breed, more rare than our beloved premier dressed in suspenders and black fishnet stockings.

The band I respect above all others is the highly unfashionable Another Pretty Face. You may read on .....
..... After signing to Virgin they were given the front page 'Oh So Wonderful' treatment by a very sick music paper with an Oi journalist predicting they would conquer 'Yankee Land' by the end of '80. They could seemingly do no wrong - all in the garden was rosy - or was it?

Their strict religion/philosophy of wanting complete control of their recording output was already creating havoc with the Virgin soldiers. An LP lasting 25 minutes+ was simply outrageous. It was not commercial and Virgin's pride was hurt. And so, learned reader, APF left Virgin but toured with a very moderate Stiff Little Fingers.

Had APF taken America by storm they would have attracted a journalistic backlash - who doesn't? The band played on, keeping grass roots alive. Intermittent gigs and interviews with worthy fanzines combined with the forming of their own record label - Chicken Jazz, 1980, culminating in one of the finest singles of all time - 'Heaven Gets Closer Every Day'. It was my heaven, a single full of passion, emotion, commitment and truth; full of APF.

APF had made it through 1980. The gutter-press couldn't write a bad word about them so they ignored them. Bushell had disappeared back up his own arsehole and the Scottish correspondent's interviews never did see the light of day. Even ole NME seemed to despise their success and the curtains were drawn, save for a fine article by a swell Nikki Sudden who put them back on the map. The curtains were drawn, or were they?

No!! APF released the best cassette album to date. If there's an indie cassette with better production, song content, music and thought content I wanna he it. The cassette was swiftly followed by their Soul to Soul flipped by two trax containing an outta tune fiddle which sounded strangely in tune. Probably because APF are remarkably in tune. Aware of the hypocrisy and swindlers flooding the music biz they were very cautious in trying to secure a new deal. Yes, dear listener, they did want a deal. It's so difficult to exist on dole money and still produce the goods every time. I know Crass manage but theirs is a different institution. Worthy, but different.

APF now have a new deal but they've NOT sold out. With a stronger financial platform I, like so many other loyal supporters, await their advance to a wider audience. No band is perfect and few are honest. APF are not perfect, they don't pretend to be, but they are the nearest to complete honesty I've yet encountered.

There is a change in the air. If you've not heard it yet open your ears to Another Pretty Face. You can touch the Noise! You can feel the Jazz!

THE SILLY BUGGERS HAVE GONE + CHANGED THEIR NAME TO 'FUNHOUSE' NOW!

FUNHOUSE

Pete Lawrence/Amos Breeze
June 81.

VAGUE
NEWS

BE SEXUALLY ALIVE!...

Jan 82 — fuck all

LADY DI GETS POKED

by Ima Antichrist.

Since our exclusive expose of Prince Charles' endowment in Vague News last year, the proof has come of his remarkable asset. However we have just heard that Charles is rather upset with British Leyland because the coil has gone in his princess.

When Di made the vow to cherish him for richer or even richer she did'nt realise this or that one day her and Charles were driving round their estate in their range rover, shooting wildlife; peasants and stags when they got held up by muggers.

The muggers demanded Lady Di's jewellry. But she did'nt have any on. So instead they nicked the Range Rover. After they had drove off Charles asked Di what she'd done with her jewellry.

Di replied that she had hid them up her cunt.

'Oh' said Charles'It's a pity Auntie Margaret was'nt here as well, then we could have hid the Range Rover.'

BARBECUE ORGY

A reign of terror was [illegible] unpowered in the tranquil village of Mere in Wiltshire. Apparently during the summer, marauding packs of yeomen's [illegible] to sleepy village to [illegible] atrocity after atrocity.

Firstly they invaded the national front [illegible] at Stourhead in a very [illegible] state and did very [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] there. The following day they charged into the village churchyard just as the local barons nephew was getting married, and blew up surgical appliances all [illegible] the guests [illegible] their [illegible]. (I didn't think it was that bad a [illegible]!) Then spent the rest of the afternoon driving up the village [illegible] in a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

It then transpired that the purpose of their campaign of terror was the infamous "George's Barbecue" where a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Gilmour [illegible] playing. The only thing the innocent villagers were shocked less by than the obnoxious bands were their obnoxious audience that persisted [illegible] up and [illegible] other all the way through the concert.

Afterwards the locals thought peace would be restored but this is when all the real trouble started. The drunken revellers invaded a local citizens house and proceeded to hold a raucous party that continued right through to lunch time the next day. The full extent of the damage has not yet been calculated but the worst damage was the psychological [illegible] caused by two individuals called [illegible] and Gurkey.

Into the early hours a frightening orgy of drugs and perverted sex continued. Then just as the townspeople thought they were safe, a splinter group off the original hooligan gang left the decimated ruins of the local citizen's house and went forth to rock havoc on local beauty spot Castle Hill. Two individuals were even seen attempting to clamber all over the war monument. Then not content with one outrageous party they started another one at the other end of town, and all this at 5 in the morning. Throughout the early morning the now totally inarticulate hooligans roamed from party to party exposing themselves to passers by and talking to inanimate objects (no, not Withie).

The worst was yet to come, just as the little village was coming back to life, the mindless vandals started a rather unorthodox croquet match the trouble is they played overarm.

The following day, as if the croquet match wasn't enough they added injury to insult by having what seemed to be a civilized meal but ended in uproar as a certain famous drummer consumed 25 oranges. After this the uninvited visitors scattered all over the country. All we know is three of them held up in Brixton for a while .....bet you all wanted to know about that. To a some people will read anything.

If it s pointless it's in your No.1 VAGUE.

'IT'S CRAP!'

HRH Royal shampoo

WILD OAT PICKING CRAZE

LETTRA-SET RUNS O

HAIR LOSS?

BALDING ON TOP?

It's a scientific problem. If it affects you... FUCK OFF you baldy bastard

what aspect of 1981 pains you most to recall?

A Walk on the wild OAT side

by wooferly dog.

TAM and the psychofunkawildoatabilly rebels, once again can be found on the road to Yarlington, in their newest roboat boots, for a hard days work 'in the flat field'.

Our foreman Tom Cat has a rather bad hangover after consuming no less than 17 gin and oranges at Lucy, a coll-boarder's house earlier that morning.

With everyone humming 'Beware of the Wild oats 'cos i'm sure they're gonna get you, yeah!' by Wild Oat Harret and John Catway, we meet Tim the fearless party leader (Known to have cleared 10 fields of the dreaded oats in a single morning.) and commence decoating yet another field.

For all you 'townies' I would like to explain by saying in the summer of '81 some of us lot were temporarily employed removing or pulling wild oats out of crops to more accurately describe the job.

During the 2 months or so of work, we started a riot in Yarlington (Pop:10), we got to know the Stag's Head quite well and we nearly drove Tim, the party leader mad.

Tom nearly got his oats off Justine Time and lastly and least we gained the acquaintance of one Karl Reynolds, a truly unorthodox Stranglers supporter from Yeovil, who surely puts even our own Birdie to shame, he persistently threw bags of wild oats at Tim, he nearly lost us a lot of money on one occassion, he frightened the sheep just as Tom was about to f...(Feed of course) one and he enjoyed overtime.

Karl used to cycle 15 miles each morning and evening to and from work with such dedication that even our ardent team member Ray 'McCullough' Peddows was awe struck.

Karl's home made wine was lousy, he tried to make off with all the booze which Tim had kindly laid on for us on the last day and he even had the nerve to invite himself to stay at Lucy's after getting on the guest list for George's barbecue.

After all this has been said however I am sure we shall see him there again next year and I am certainly looking forward to the summer of '82.

SPORTS VAGUE

[illegible] XI 0 SILL[illegible] [illegible]

A very closely [illegible] game this one but not an entirely fair one. The game was not [illegible] a sunny friendly between the two rivals but turned into Harrapumble [illegible] organised [illegible] Wheels captain, Paul Collier. Especially for this game he called in half of the [illegible] team.

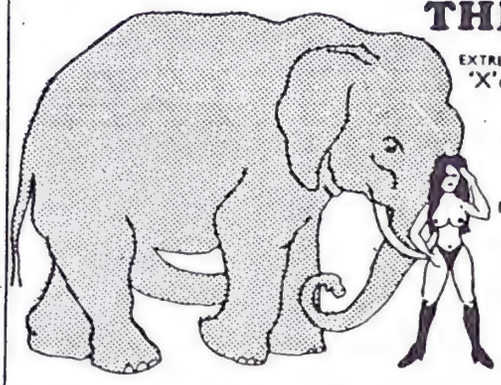
The Yarle eleven were not expecting such deceitfulness but carried on regardless in a spirited display of skill and brilliance, [illegible] from centre half Tom Yarle, who combined in visions of Franz Beckenbauer at times. They valliantly stormed 4-nead (awful pun) to a commanding 0-0 lead, which they held for most of the game.

When with only 5 minutes to go, the Wheels centre forward (who then took his place for this amateur club Bristol City) fouled Rich Lamble on the Yarle keeper and in a most controversial decision, the ref (Fiddle's uncle) awarded the Harrapumble goal. This however didn't seem to demoralise the Yarle eleven, who continued to battle on even against a night sky of the Harrapumble fouls committed by the Silent Wheels, mainly Tony Street, Tim [illegible] and Fiddle himself.

Eventually the Yarle play [illegible] the Wheels eleven to a [illegible] tell on the opposition and player after player were stretchered off. Eventually leaving only two Yarle players on the field. It was then of course that the Wheels got their [illegible] or two but they were all [illegible] a foine. Man of the match (not including the unmanageable to Yarle) was Yarle Animal [illegible] Yarle midfield maestro.

BY ALVIN BASTARD

Emmanuele GOES TO THE ZOO



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OOH LA LA!

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THE ROYAL WEDDING

Win A Trip On The Royal Honeymoon!

We are offering a right royal prize to the lucky winner of our easy-to-enter Royal Wedding competition. Our winner will be joining the royal couple on their royal honeymoon in the sun, and will get a ring side seat in the royal bedchamber for the sizzling wedding night spectacular featuring dishy Prince Charlie and the curvaceous Lady Di.

All you have to do to win this royal prize-of-a-lifetime is answer the three questions below and send your entry to us, enclosing a blank cheque payable to Viz Promotions Ltd. That's how easy it is! And there are two super prizes for the runners up – The Crown Jewels and Prince Andrew's hand in marriage.

The royal questions are:

1. Which member of the royal family appears on Pound notes ?
2. Name the current Queen of England.
3. Complete the following sentence in not more than ten minutes.

"I think bonnie Prince Charlie has picked a winner in Lady Di because...

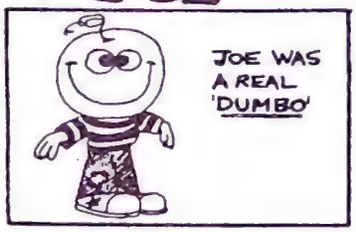
Members of the royal family, their friends and relatives are not eligible to enter.

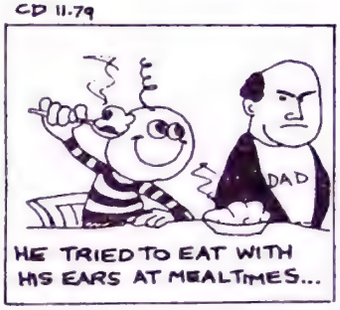
FUCKING WASTE OF TIME THAT UR!

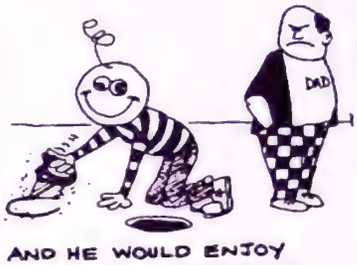
Professor Piehead

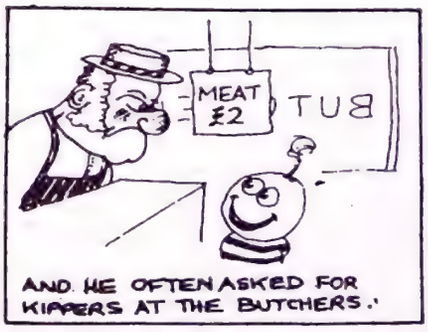
'EIGHT BALL' JOE

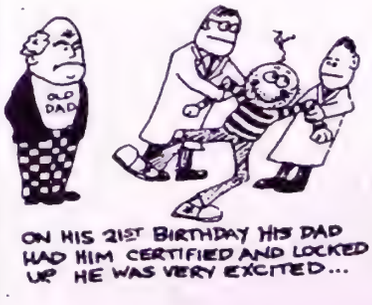
CD 11.79











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-CLASSIFIED ADS-

DISGUSTING BUSINESSMAN seeks big tits and blow jobs. Box 215

LOOKING FOR A JOB? We're doing one on Friday. Nat West, Northumberland St. Meet at Joe's.

OLD JOKE

A short story of love & romance ... Part II

Something was needed to consumate vinny's swiftly growing adoration for Georgie. An event or place to visit, somewhere he could take her and show his true colours, primary rather than pastel.

An oppurtunity arose when Fraser said he was going to a party in Edinburgh. A fairly swish affair, but swinging, to be held within the smokey dark rooms of a London Road niterie. Vinny thought that nothing could prove more ideal, he phoned Georgie and she, "would love to come." Further midweek telephone calls arranged accomodation and he invited two friends also from Glasgow, the dark bespectacled Stockard Channing and the carrot haired twank nicknamed Hartley, on account of his buckteeth and general puppet like demeanor.

So was

It would be somewhat expensive to travel via British Rail. So, in view of this Stockard asked an old college chum to come. The college chum was only ever invited anywhere on account of his Range Rover.

THE LION

And so the fateful Saturday night arrived and Vinny and George waited, arms linked at the Burnah Station for the Rover to arrive. It was slightly wet and misty, Georgie's only comment during the short wait was to ask what Vinny's other friends were like. Vinny answered somewhat snuggly that they were full of verve and had a lust for life, not the types to be seen whiling away the evening hours in the local pub, the Crows Nest! There to swap reminiscences about their tortured childhood - Pringle, Backdive, even today the names fly!

The Range Rover's brakes squealed as burly Gregg Duncan (Can this be? Ed.) drew up. The gang was here. Georgie and Vinny clambered over the tailboard and into a pile of empty Schlitz and Pils bottles. "Peel out", said Georgie, "I just love it when guys peel out!" (Come again, you daft scottish tart. Ed)

Along the M8 the C.B. crackled. Hartley grabbed the mike, switching to his terse teutonic accent he snapped, "Anyone out there into Bowie?" He switched to recieve.....nothing amidst the snow. "Hey, we got anyone from construction News out there?" wheedled Stockard ina sudden soft accent. "Any toffee toothed taxi drivers on the road?" broke in Gregg. "Snap, crackle, pop." Georgie sighs. "Bye Suckers." caroled Vinny cheerfully.

01-25. Edinburgh. What kind of a helluva time is that anyway? Somewhere within this picture is a party....from where they left the Rover the chums followed the sounds of mutant disco music to a red lit basement flat. Inside it seemed like a typical Edinburgh party. Everyone knew everyone else, standing, sitting, packed to the gunna's the latest unhip records spun by a low faculty disc jockey. A distinct lack of alcohol. Somewhere along the line Vinny lost Georgie. The party drifted on, he looked for her. She could not be found, and when she was it was in another room, gasping and gurgling with delight as Hartley came like Niagara falls as he lost his virginity to her beckoning chasm of loveliness. ('Ere! What's all this then?Ed)

Sickened by the deceit of the venomous little vixen Vinny turned his head and silently closed the door, to leave and get outside, "How could she?"

Outdoors the early morning air shot life into his mind and animated his limbs. He looked around for something, what on earth he was hoping(Woops pull yourself together, man.) to see in those leaping silent shadows no one knows. Ascending the steps to the road Vinny espied a silver grey 2.8 litre Jag. As if doing something destructive would make him feel more stable, he started to knot the C.B. aerial. Next to go were the offside mirrors, then the halogens splintered over the pavement.

"Bitch, Slut, I'll kill her!" Stockard and Gregg bounded over from their private bender on the tree lined verge on the other side of the road. "Quick, the guy's coming!" warned Stockard as he yanked Vinny off the bonnet. Gregg lamely attempted to prize the radiator mascot from Vinny's fist.

Back at the can and bottle littered tree, vinny let his anguish fizzle out but not before three half-full bottles of Cointreau were aimed in the general direction of two unfortunate early morning joggers.

Inside the multi-faceted landborn disco sho wboat continued to throb, albeit somewhat less powerfully(Typewriter's falling to bits. AAAARRgh...) than before and various couples began to leave. Arm in arm, hand in hand, hand down trousers, hand up skirt, hand in backpocket, finger up nose, Fraser popped up the stairs gleaming with delight as he held his prize trophies- two bottles of Famous Grouse. He was followed by a smug looking Hartley, who was on his own. Vinny somewhat surprised at this, moved back into the flat to find Georgie. She was in one of the two bedrooms brushing her flaxen hair. He looked at her wistfully for a few moments and stepped towards her, accidentally on purpose crushing her handbag which was on the floor, and its contents there in.* Turning round she looked at him with that rediculous mixture of euphoric giddyness and simultaneous wherewithalll. She knew that he knew.

ll

at a price

"Dont think, please dont think I dont love you enough not to understand." said Vinny with more sincerity than he had ever directed at any girl previous.

The whole group, though fully aware of what had happened couldn't give a shit for Vinny, save for Fraser, who in his Josef K trousers walked with him as the rest moved on ahead on their way back to the flat at Stockbridge. A crisp blast of silence, re-inforced by the lack of cream and maroon buses and rattly taxis accompanied the party of would be glittering young funtime people.

Fraser clattered up the flat stairs of 1 Raeburn street ahead of the rest closely followed by Vinny, whose mind was crisscrossed by a million circuits of imagery and thoughts. Fraser fumbled for the Yale.

It was a fairly small two roomed flat with a kitchen and corridor. Fraser's flatmate was using one room to get fucked by her boyfriend. So the chums with their liquor and drugs and their psychedelic sex machine bundled into the one room. It was really neat, really clean.

A bottle of Gilbeys was split and after the initial crash found its destiny to be lying in Georgie's cleavage in between her and Hartley's consumption of said liquor.

Vinny could hardly sleep. It was'nt as if he regarded her as his own personal property, but this was too much. He was too upset to cry, but it was so goddamn awful to have to listen to Georgie's squeals as Hartley explored parts of the female anatomy he had only ever wanked over in porno mags....

BEST SELLERS
Clothes to get you into your Vinny's good books

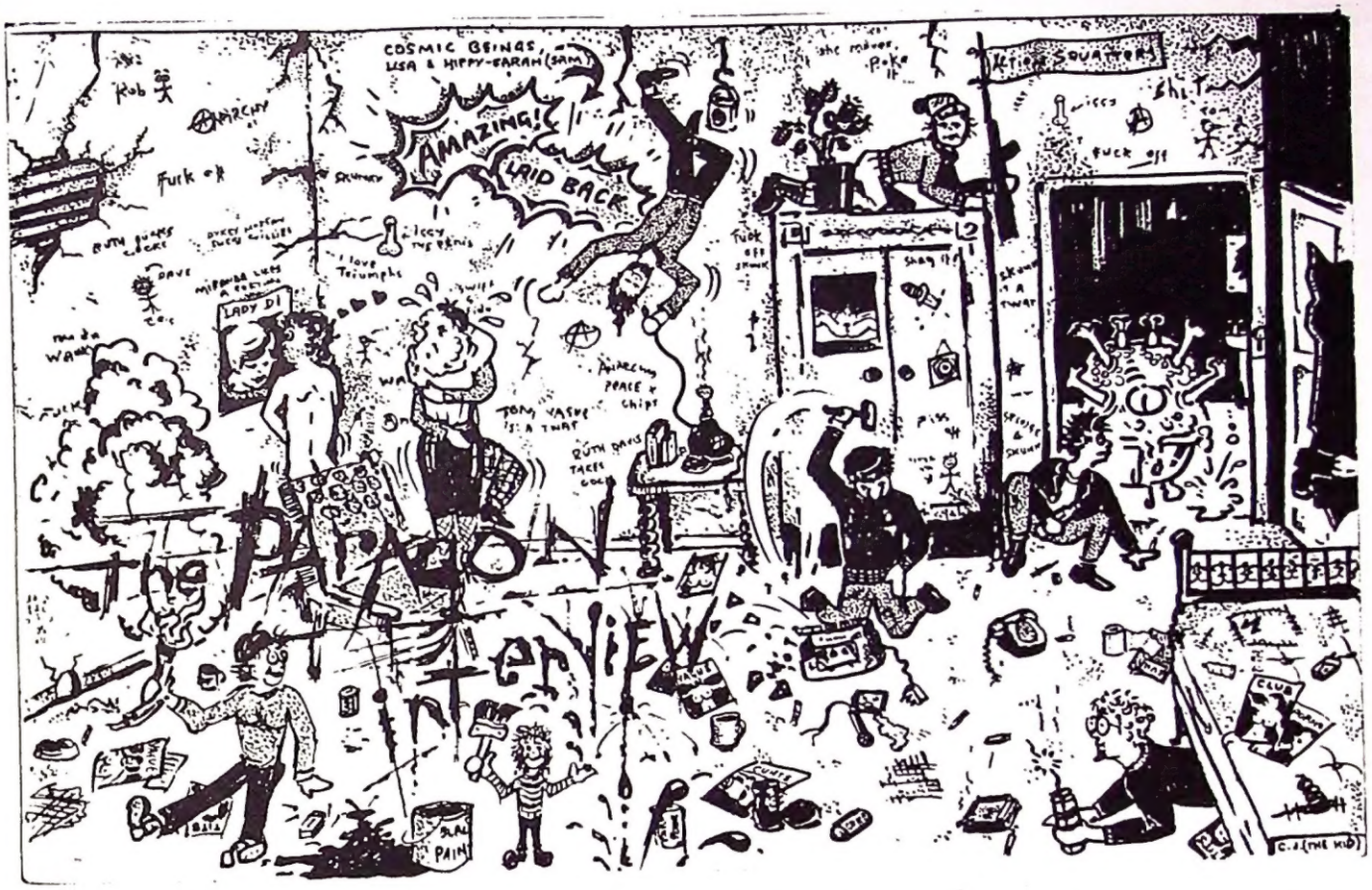
Morning....breakfast consisted of Tea for some, egg sandwiches for others. Vinny settled for a glass of Lemonade and Vodka on cornflakes. Gregg went down stairs to check the Rover while Stockard and Hartley made pathetic attempts at personal cleanliness.

Zappa began to seap out from the Goodman RB'35's and they all made their preparations for leaving. "Bye Fraser!" In the sun outside Bohemian Stockbridge. Still the haven of flower print shirts, kids not quite as streetwise as their Craigmillar counterparts but they know whose playin where and when and in a Sesame street kind of way they could be classed as worldwide.

Piling into the car with those people Vinny felt extremely solitary, Georgie made sure she sat in the front. She was very much on her own. Vinny realised he'd lost. She's gone. Goodbye sweetheart, goodnight.

Next issue; How Vinny asks Georgie out again only to be stood up and two-timed. Then what will vinny's vengeance be

VAGUE INTERVIEWS THE PARAGONS!



V: RIGHT KID, I'LL START WITH YOU. WHEN DID YOU FIRST DECIDE TO GET THIS SQUAT TOGETHER?

KID:'Well, I was on the PORTIONS IN THE UK tour with Swifto supporting. We were doing this gig at this school for girls in Bath. The whole place was full of portions.... er..I mean punters..they were devine and that was just the first years. I was having problems getting into their dormitories at night and I could'nt afford hotel bills. Then this tasty piece introduced me to the squat..good position that...and I've never looked back especially when Dykey Morgan or Skunk's about.'

MAD:'It's not fair, nobody ever came into my dormitory. It's just not fair. (Starts crying hysterically)

SKUNK:'Fuck war not portions...'

ROBBO:'Dor...Dor...Dor...Dor...'

ROGER:'Emmmmm. That's really amazing maaaaaaan...'

YOU WERE IN THE ORIGINAL SQUAT WITH THE KID WERE'NT YOU ROBBO?

ROBBO:'Ye...Ye...Ye...Ye....Ye..'

KID:'No that was Dykey Morgan.'

PAUL:'I'm not into all this bisexuality, maaan...er I mean mate, dun I? I'm going to walk Tanya home. (Breaks door off hinges on way out.)

MAD:'It's not fair, nobody ever breaks my door off the hinges.' (Starts playing with lighter and catches the Kid's wardrobe on fire.)

SINCE THE EARLY DAYS A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE HAVE JOINED THE SQUAT..KID. DO YOU THINK IT'S PROGRESSED AT ALL OR DID YOU PREFER IT WHEN IT STARTED?

KID:'Oh yeah, at first it was great, nothing but portions everywhere. Then these hippies started coming in and all the portions got bored and went off to form Ultimate Dance. The squat really sold out after that. Hippy after hippy came in and now Robbo sleeps with his Triumph and I've only had two schoolgirls since yesterday.'(A young nymph struggles out of the bed and start's to do the Kid's hair.)

ROBBO:'Wh..wh..what d..d..do y..y..you m..mean, sleep with m..my b..bike. I'll b..b..blow you up w..w..with this new cr..cr..cruise m..m..missile I've just made!'
(Mad immediately looks interested and takes out the whole of the fireplace with a flame thrower Robbo has just given her.)

KID:'For fuck's sake. My hair's come out of place.' (Frantically starts twitching ear as the schoolgirl seems to lose interest.)

(TIM looks in through the now smouldering remains of the door.)
'Er, Hi mens, I'm just off to Buckingham Palace to claim my rightful throne.'

MAD:'Just fuck off you bleeding looney.'

KITTY:'This is a happy house,Tom, you can see it in the tarot cards. It'll be even happier when Liza's finished her naughty cake.'

SKIN UP, ROBBO?

ROBBO:'Fu...fu...fu..fu...fu..'

ROGER:'This is really amazing, emmmm...but I must go and do the Green peace coffee morning...emmm..wow.'
(Brett comes in and starts to repair the fireplace with Gary covering him with a 22 rifle. Robbo looks on admiringly.)

WHEN YOU FIRST STARTED PLAYING HERE YOU HAD A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF OPPOSITION FROM THE LOCAL COUNCIL, DID'NT YOU?

KID:'Well, just after the first night they sent some heavies round but Robbo soon sorted them out.'

DID'NT THEY COME ROUND AGAIN?

KID:'Oh yeah, they're getting laid back in Robbo's room at the moment.'

FINALLY THE NEW LINE-UP SEEMS TO BE WORKING VERY WELL. DO YOU ALL STILL GET ON?

ROBBO:'Ye..ye..ye...ye..ye..'

MAD:'Why dont you just fuck off you stuttering four-eyed cunt.'
(Mad disappears in a blast of radiation as Robbo tests out his new homemade trident.)

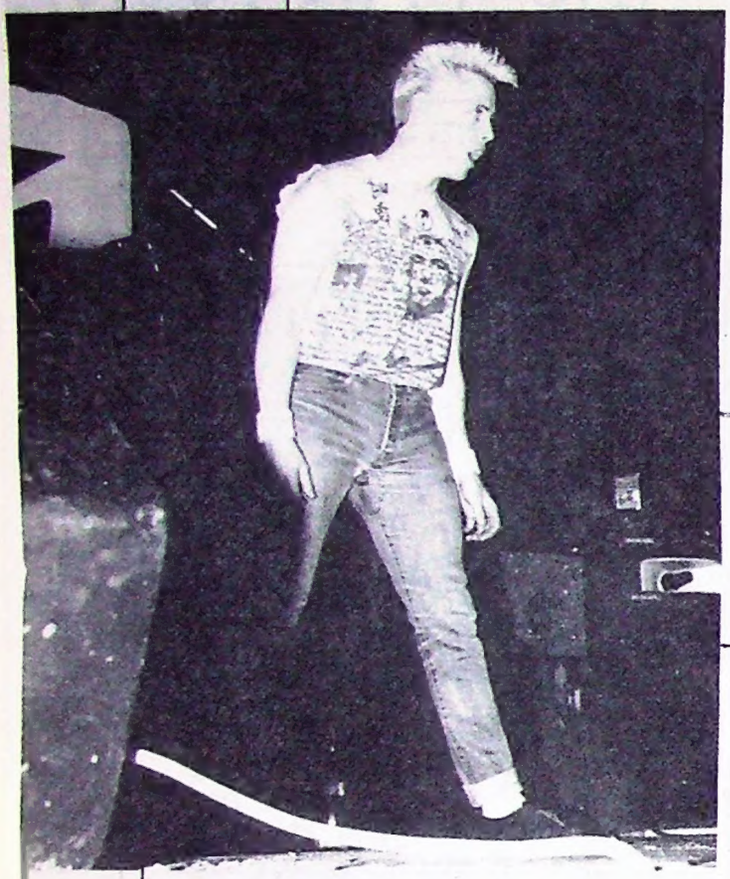
SARAH:'I predicted that in Mad's tarot...does anyone want any of Liza's naughty cake?'

SKUNK:'Just Anarchy, peace and chips for me, please.'.....

.....THE END...ANY SIMILARITY WITH REAL LIFE(?) CHARACTERS IS ENTIRELY INTENTIONAL....by the way Swift comes from Romford.

A DUTCH OF CLASS

Hey Ig, how come you always take pictures of popstars in Y-fronts? 'Cos me camera kept getting caught in my trousers and shirt, Tom.



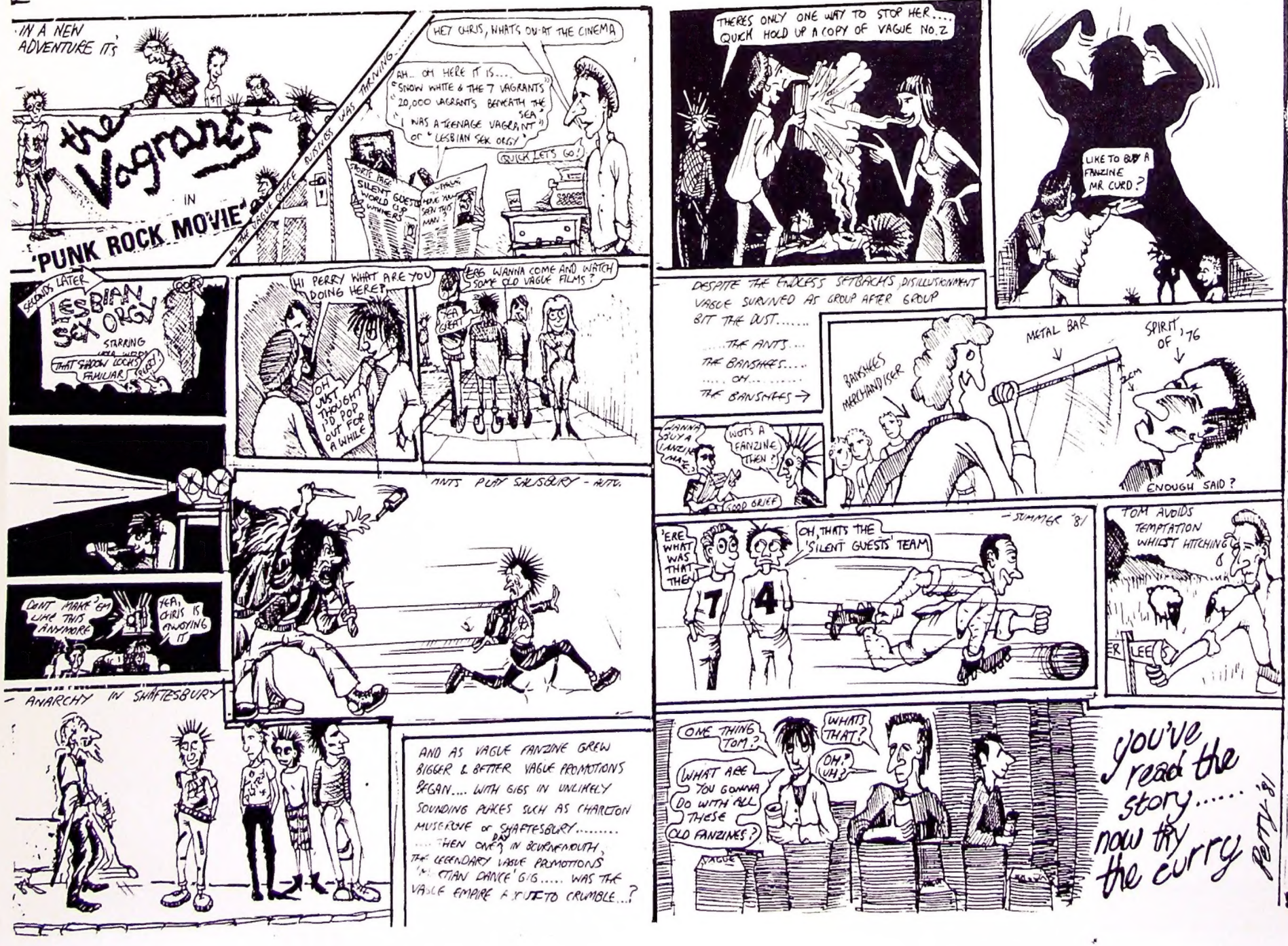
THEATRE of HATE

BAUHAUS

IGGY ZEVENBERGEN '81

PERRY'S CARTOON.

HERE'S SOME MORE SELF INDULGENT CRAP AS PERRY TAKES A LOOK BACK ON OUR 'CAREER' SO FAR.



VAGUE back ish's

7-ANTZ[illegible]
8-Ants, Banshees, Bunnies,
9-Boy-wow's, Classix.
10-Banshees, PIL, [illegible]
11-Cross, [illegible] and [illegible], much more [illegible] self [illegible] out [illegible].
[illegible]
[illegible]: VAGUE, 'Butcombe', Castle St, Mere, Wilts, BA12 6JE.

he good life...

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